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# The Nation.

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## The Week.

MR. JOHNSON has not opened his lips, as far as the public is concerned, since the election—a remarkable instance of reticence; and what is more significant is, that "Our Washington Correspondent" has transferred his attentions from the President to General Grant. The finest stories even of the indefatigable emissary of the *Boston Post* are now told about the latter, and we think the public will be able to derive a good deal of amusement during the winter from the newspaper operations of which Grant will be the "objective." We are already treated to full, true, and particular accounts of important conversations with him by one correspondent, which another the next day pronounces "base fabrications." As might have been expected, Colonel Forney is early on the scene, and is defending Grant against all comers in his two newspapers. Thus far no impression seems to have been made on Grant's reserve. The complaints that nobody knows "where he stands" seem to grow louder. The *Philadelphia Morning Post* accordingly solemnly warns the Radicals to keep clear of him, and appeals to their pride "to meet his silence with silence more profound;" "to go their way, and, if General Grant believes as they believe, to let him come to them." There is such a thing as being too proud, however, and we would strongly recommend the Radicals not to stand too much on their dignity with Grant or anybody else just at present. It is safe to say that nothing has thus far been elicited from him of much value to politicians, and the court that is being paid him, and the general interest evinced in his opinions, are remarkable only as showing the general concurrence in the belief that the result of the late elections secures him the Republican nomination if he will have it. We venture to predict that henceforward Mr. Johnson will receive but a small share of public attention.

The opinion which many people have all along entertained, that the Republican party owed most of its successes to Democratic follies and excesses, seems likely to receive fresh support within the coming six months. There is very little doubt that had the South not taken to passing outrageous "black codes," subjecting the negroes to a system of repression little short of slavery, immediately after the war, it would have got back into the Union under a very mild constitutional amend-

ment. This brought on the break-up of Mr. Johnson's "policy," and persistence in the display of hostility to the blacks finally won the North over to negro suffrage. The wild behavior of the Republican chiefs has now led to a slight reaction, by which the South and the Democrats, by lying very quiet and even affecting moderation, might possibly profit. But, strange as it may seem, so far from having learnt anything by experience, they seem determined once more to wear out Northern patience, and rouse the public, wearied as it is of the whole business of reconstruction, into a revival of anti-Southern zeal. *The World* is already showing, with great elaboration, that it will be quite easy for the Forty-first Congress, should it have a Democratic majority, to allow the whites to overturn the State governments which the present Congress may set up, disfranchise the negroes, and send new representatives and senators under the old constitutions; for, it says, if one Congress may decide that no government is republican in which persons are prevented from voting on account of their color, another Congress may decide that no government is republican which has been forced on the people by military force. When one reads disquisitions of this sort, one sees how very able men may sometimes be too "cute" for their own good. Practically, it makes no difference to Southerners what the origin of their government is—whether it was drawn up by a negro convention or revealed to Thaddeus Stevens in a dream. The important question for them is whether, under the Constitution now likely to be adopted and recognized by Congress, the whites will have a fair chance, within a reasonable period, of reassuming the influence in the local government to which their numbers, their wealth, and their mental and moral status entitle them. No reasonable man can deny that they will have this chance—that if the whites behave wisely the negro majorities cannot be maintained in any State, and that, the negro majorities gone, of course negro ascendancy is gone also.

We spoke a fortnight ago of the inaccuracy of calling the Democratic party a Conservative party in any good sense of the word, and endeavored to show that there are in this country, and in the present mental condition of the people, no materials for a Conservative party, properly so called, and maintained that the two great parties would consist hereafter of the corrupt and ignorant and vicious on one side, and of the enlightened or at least intelligent and moral on the other. One or two striking illustrations of this are just occurring. The Irish in San Francisco are waging a furious crusade against the poor Chinese, whom they rob and maltreat and murder almost with impunity, and are endeavoring to drive out of the country. They have hitherto been restrained in some degree by the city police, but they now demand, as the price of their assistance in achieving the late Democratic victory, that the police organization be remodelled and placed under influences favorable to their peculiar views of civil and political rights. In like manner, one of the first exploits of the Democratic majority in the new Legislature at Albany will doubtless be the repeal of the excise law, and this not for the benefit of the sober, orderly, beer-drinking Germans, but for that of the whiskey-drinking, stabbing, and shooting Irish, who, man for man, exercise probably twice as much political influence as the Germans.

The first of the new reconstruction conventions has met in Alabama, where, if anywhere, the negro is the State. It tabled a proposition to abolish the present State government—which dates from Mr. Johnson's reconstruction days—and fill all offices with men who could take the "iron-clad" oath. This was, as we understand it, a mere matter of machinery, and was not due to faint-heartedness on the part

of the Radicals. General Pope, to be sure, told the Republican State Committee "that it would never do to give up at this stage of the game," a remark which seems to imply that the effects of the Northern elections were dampening to the Radical courage. But they have made a constitution which, to judge it by vague accounts, is proscriptive enough, to say the least, and it is to be submitted to the people before the negroes change residence about New Year's. A full list of State officers will be voted on at the same time—that being General Pope's advice, who thought the majority of all registered voters, which is required by the law of Congress, could thus be got to vote more certainly than if the acceptance of the Constitution were the only issue presented. Apparently the convention did not want for good advice.

The white citizens of Richmond are, of course, intensely disgusted at the result of the recent election in that city, and it would have been possible beforehand to predict almost the precise terms in which they would indignantly protest against it. "To illustrate the fraudulent manner in which the election was managed," is the respectful language of some of them to General Schofield, who may be called the manager of it; "so-called election," is another of their phrases; "a fact which is its own comment," is another; and of course there are plenty of charges of negro brutality, of gross partiality towards the negroes on the part of the United States officers, and various absurd stories of the kind which ring round a party club-room on the evening after a lost election, and the "workers" are perhaps a little drunk and a good deal enraged and discouraged. General Schofield's reply to the protest is an admirable letter, in which, with much ability and with an almost painful carefulness, he takes up, one by one, every point in the charges, and disposes of them so effectually that to read the letter is a pleasure. It is too long for us to give even a synopsis of it, and it ought itself to be generally read together with the protest, if only that people may see the difficulties with which the district commanders labor. There have been few offences, we should suppose, which were more exasperating to the officer's temper than that in which a military man is put to legislate for, and in almost every way govern, one of the most perverse and obstinately foolish of communities. The protest of the Richmond gentlemen was based upon two distinct grounds, namely, the extension of the term of voting beyond the hour designated in the order calling an election, which extension the gentlemen thought illegal; and second, that by fraud, violence, and intimidation, votes were illegally cast, and qualified voters were prevented from voting the ticket of their choice. General Schofield offers them every assistance in his power in collecting evidence of violence or fraud; but how much of what they allege will turn out true may be inferred from the amount of truth in this one, for example: In a certain ward of the city, they say, where the polls were kept open long after sunset, more black votes were polled from seven o'clock in the evening till the polls closed than were polled in the same length of day-time on any day of the election. "This fact is its own comment," they add, meaning thereby that the polls were kept open that the blacks might cheat, and that they did cheat. To this General Schofield makes answer that the official report of the officers in charge does not bear out the statement of the protest as regards the rate of voting; it was more rapid on the night in question than on the 23d or 24th ultimo, but less rapid than on the 23d. Why it was so rapid as it was, he thus explains: he entered the polling place himself, found crowds of voters, some of whom had been standing for hours waiting for a chance to cast their ballots; found, also, that the officers were consuming time in anxious enquiries as to the qualifications of the voters as each presented himself. He therefore directed the officers to reject peremptorily every doubtful vote, and this was done. Further, he had at sunset put a line of sentinels round the waiting crowd, and no new-comer was allowed to add himself to it in the darkness. This seems tolerably convincing, and the rest of the reply is equally cogent.

The week has not been a propitious one for what are called "old war-horses." Mr. Stevens has written a letter on the currency, of which he probably has less understanding than of any subject to which

he has ever turned his attention; and a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has paid a second visit to the Honorable Ben Wade for the purpose of procuring the views of that "grand public man," as *The Independent* not long ago called him, on public affairs. The conversation which followed was not calculated to increase one's sense of "Old Ben's" value either to the country or the world, and we should not be at all surprised if he were left by his ungrateful masters to pass the rest of his career in his paddock at home. The correspondent found him "as large as life and twice as natural, head and tail erect, as full of snorting defiance as if he had won instead of lost." The senator then said that the Republican party was committed to universal suffrage; that he (Wade) "would not back a d——d inch;" that "if it had not been for that infernal thing of office-getting, the impeachment would have been settled last winter, as it ought to have been;" that "he had not made up his mind exactly whether he ought to vote for Mr. Sumner's suffrage bill or not;" that "he had often tried to find out whether Grant was for Congress or for Johnson or what the devil he was for, but never could get anything out of him, for as quick as he'd talk politics Grant would talk horses;" that horses "are very good, but in these times a man may be all right on horses and all wrong on politics;" that "people don't want a soldier for President;" that "there is no coolness between him and Chief-Justice Chase;" and that Mrs. Lincoln's "story that Mr. Lincoln left little or no property behind him was a d——d lie;" and that "Thaddeus Stevens's confiscation bill is d——d foolery," with much other valuable matter of the same sort, expressed in chaste and luminous diction. Happy is the country which has such statesmen to get "views" from in troublous times! If there be anything in Grant's career since the war for which we in a special manner honor him, it is for the pertinacity with which he "talks horse" to them when they come to pump him on politics.

The most important point in Mr. Wade's discourse was the explanation of a report that there was a coolness between him and Chief-Justice Chase. The foundation of this malicious story, doubtless set on foot by stock-jobbers or enemies of the country, was simply this: Mr. Wade was requested by Mr. Chase, in 1860, to sound the House and Senate to see what his (Mr. Chase's) chances of the nomination at Chicago were. Mr. Wade kindly did so, and found that there was only one man in the Senate and only a few in the House who wanted Mr. Chase for President, and he accordingly sent word to the latter, in his own simple language, "that the thing looked a little blue." The accuracy of this report was shortly afterwards tested by "Dick Parsons," who arrived, and in his turn "did a little prospecting." Mr. Chase, then, when the convention was about to meet, asked Mr. Wade to resign in his favor, but Mr. Wade very properly declined to resign before anybody had nominated him. The result of this was that Mr. Chase got it into his head that Mr. Wade wanted to defeat him and prevent his nomination; but nothing can be more unfounded. Consequently, if any enemies of free government have been building any hopes on the prospect of arraying these two eminent men against each other in a Presidential canvass, they are doomed to bitter disappointment.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, as we have said, has promulgated "views" on the currency, in which he proposes to issue plenty of paper, and thus pay off the Government debt and everything else in greenbacks. In fact, his position is the same as Messrs. Pendleton's and Vallandigham's, and a little worse than General Butler's. Mr. Stevens's peculiar ideas on the subject of currency and public credit are, however, now well known. There is nothing in his recent letter which he has not already brought forward in Congress, the only difference being that he seems to talk a little more recklessly, and with less doubt of his own knowledge, as he grows older. What he says now, too, is much less dangerous than what he used to say two years ago, as the Republican party is gradually learning that "old war-horses" are all very well in time of war, but that in time of peace, when the work to be done is ploughing and harrowing and carting, and not neighing and pawing and plunging and snorting, they are very sorry animals.



Mr. Johnson has had during the week a slight panic about the colored militia companies in Washington, amounting, we believe, to three hundred or thereabouts all told, and only partially armed, and issued a peremptory order for their disbandment. It appears they are almost entirely composed of old soldiers, and the object of the organization is rather the preservation of old ties and reminiscences and the interchange of good offices than even the practice of military drill, all of which their commanding officer has set forth in a sensible and manly report. The matter has not gone further than calling for this report, and perhaps Mr. Johnson is by this time ashamed of his fright. Whether he has any right to interfere with them at all is more than doubtful, and we fear it is the dawning consciousness of this which only has stopped him short. There are white volunteer companies in this city which seem to exist for the purpose of robbery and murder, on which we wish, if he has any power of dissolving military companies at all, he would lay his heaviest hand, and let the poor colored people alone.

We are glad to see that an arrangement has been made between *The League*, the free trade organ, and *The National American*, the protectionist organ, by which each gives the other a certain amount of the space in its issues for the advocacy of doctrines opposed to its own. There is common sense in this which, we think, cannot always be predicated of the plan of spreading opinions on certain subjects by papers which admit nothing else. We hope *The League* and *National American* will now keep "pegging away," as they will have an audience to convince, which they have never had before. But we trust there will be no abuse or vituperation. We recommend the adoption at the outset of certain fundamental principles, such as these: A free-trader is not necessarily a thief, a foreign hireling, or an enemy of his country; a protectionist is not necessarily a selfish knave intent on humbugging the poor and grinding their faces; honest and conscientious men may arrive at opposite conclusions touching tariffs as well as touching the nebular hypothesis or the science of history, and so on.

Fernando Wood has put himself forward once more as a candidate for the mayoralty of this city, and has delivered an address to "the people" for which all friends of good government will thank him, inasmuch as there is no pretence or humbug about it. He says the electors "must take him as he is;" that they know his previous record and where he stands, "and if the old charges are brought up against his character, he will not attempt to refute them;" "all he will tell his accusers will be that they have not found out half." He has never attempted to refute any of the charges against him. "The people" know exactly what kind of man he is, and do not care a straw, and unless Mr. Hoffman, who has been nominated by the Tammany wing of the Democracy, should receive the Republican support, there is every reason to fear that Wood will be elected. It is curious to see what perfect agreement there is between Fernando Wood and Benjamin Wade as to the prime condition of success in political life. Wade says that all the people asks of a party is "boldness." Knowledge, discretion, purity, moderation, honesty, it appears, are of no account. Wood, in his turn, maintains, by way of showing that his bad personal character is no obstacle to his election, that "the American people will forgive anything in a public officer but cowardice," "and no man," says he, "can accuse me of that." We should think not, indeed. "The people," by-the-by, have just elected Police Justice Ledwith to the Superior Court, ousting Judge Barbour, who was far too honest and too learned and too capable for them. What makes the crisis all the more interesting is that if the Democrats should prove to have a majority in the next Legislature, they will doubtless refuse to pay the expenses of the Constitutional Convention; that body will meet no more; and "the people" will be allowed to work its sweet will a little longer.

A correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, discoursing upon the enormous quantity of American literature consumed in England to the in-

finite loss and damage of American authors, has discovered that Whittier is comparatively little known there, and his works not often met with. He even says that he has fallen in with several "literary persons" who had never heard of him. This, if it be a fact, is a remarkable one, and for the British public a sad one; but the explanation suggested by the correspondent is far more remarkable than the fact. "Is it," he asks, with awful insight, "because he has been so true to freedom, so much in sympathy with the oppressed, that the purveyors of literature have not thought it wise to introduce him to English society, lest his genius should stir the hearts of millions here as it has in the United States?" One does not well know how to reply to a question of this kind; but we venture modestly to doubt whether the philosopher has hit the mark after all. If, in the course of his investigations, he lights on any "purveyor of literature" in England who refuses to publish good poems by a good man, lest he should "rouse the millions," we venture to promise him a wide circulation for the letter in which he describes him. A bookseller in the habit of pirating foreign poetry, but who would not touch that of particular authors lest the "millions should be roused," could hardly do better than come out here and give "readings."

The Garibaldians were defeated at Monte Rotondo owing to the assistance of the French, who brought the Chassepôt rifle into action for the first time, and apparently with terrible effect, judging from the loss suffered by the Garibaldians—six hundred killed to about one hundred of their enemies. The part played by the Papal troops in the encounter does not clearly appear, but it does not seem to have been very respectable, and, although the insurgents were only half-armed, the safety of Rome was due to the French. Garibaldi and his son have escaped unhurt, but the former is a prisoner, and there is some confused talk of trying him for his breach of the law, but it is, doubtless, simply talk. The more probable result is that indicated in the despatches of Tuesday morning, that he will leave the country till the crisis is over and some settlement effected. In the meanwhile the most tremendous agitation prevails throughout Italy; the great towns are almost in insurrection, and the King's Government appears to be at its wit's end. The alternative seems to be almost presented to it of driving the whole population into republicanism or of breaking with France. It appears, therefore, that now that Garibaldi has been put down, the retirement of the French is demanded in almost peremptory language, and Napoleon seems almost disposed to concede, but wants to shield himself from the clergy by sharing with the other Catholic powers the responsibility of surrendering Rome. To the intervention of the latter, however, Italy positively refuses to submit. Little question is now entertained that had Ratazzi boldly seized Civita Vecchia before the arrival of the French, the latter would never have landed, and the Roman problem would now be solved. The golden opportunity was lost, it is said, owing to the King's anxiety about "his soul," which he conceives to be endangered by the present state of his relations with the Pope. But the present state of things cannot last very long. The spectacle of a Christian bishop having people slain by the hundred on their own soil by foreign hirelings to enable him to retain possession of a city, is too revolting for this age.

The news from the rest of the Continent is unimportant. Prussia appears to be pacific; Austria is certainly on the best of terms with France; and the Sultan refuses to pay any attention to the joint note recently addressed to him by the Western powers touching the internal administration of his dominions. He is evidently relying on their mutual jealousy to prevent anything more formidable than diplomatic remonstrances. In England the body social as well as the body politic seems to be in a state of convulsion. There are formidable and protracted bread riots in the west, latterly attended with a good deal of atrocity and calling for military interference, and there are strong signs of a desire, at least on the part of the Reform League, to make common cause with the Fenians. This is, however, most probably confined to the more ardent and intellectual of the leaders, and they would hardly be able to carry the rank and file with them.

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have in press "A Child's History," the interesting record, by Madame Michelet, of a child's thoughts and feelings. It is translated by Mary F. Curtis. — Hurd & Houghton announce for publication within a fortnight a book by "C. T. W."—as we are informed by the monogram on the title-page—entitled "The Three Holy Kings," and consisting of fine photographs of all the pictures which treat of that once popular legend of Melchior, Caspar, and Balthazar and the Star in the East, accompanied by a commentary of a semi-religious, semi-artistic character. The book properly is a holiday book, and is pretty enough for the holiday season. — Charles Scribner & Co. are to publish the work on the United States written by Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the London *Times* correspondent lately stationed in this country. It is not to be a book of travel, nor one of those critical disquisitions on American manners, but mainly a politico-philosophical treatise, with the title "Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States," and on such subjects as these: "The Theory of the Government," "The State and the Union," "The Executive," "The Cabinet," "The Legislature," and so on. It may very probably be a book useful to Mr. Jennings's countrymen, and will be published in England by Murray simultaneously with its publication by Scribner & Co. We may say here that some copies of President Woolsey's "Address Commemorative of the Life and Services of Jeremiah Day, late President of Yale College," are at Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s for gratuitous distribution. — D. Appleton & Co. are steadily bringing forward their translations of German novels by Mühlbach, of whose "Marie Antoinette" the Mercantile Library, we see it stated, needs two hundred and twenty-five copies. Theodore Mundt, Max Ring, A. C. Brachvogel, and Theodore Gerstäcker are to follow Miss Mühlbach. The same publishers announce a "New Grammar of French Grammars"—made up chiefly of the "Grammaire des Grammaires," sanctioned by the Academy—which is prepared by Dr. V. de Fivas; a "Life of Daniel Webster," by George Ticknor Curtis; "The Military History of General Grant," which is, we believe, by Colonel Adam Badeau—once "The Vagabond," if any one remembers that slight essayist of fifteen years ago, and now of General Grant's staff. "Not Wisely but too Well," by the author of "Cometh Up as a Flower," is also on the Appletons' list; and so is "A Stormy Life," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. "A Chaplet of Pearls," written for Macmillan by Miss Yonge, which the same house announce, *Hours at Home*, we are informed, will soon begin to publish by instalments. A probably better novel than any of all these above-mentioned will be "Elia," by the Spanish lady who writes under the name of Fernan Caballero. — Messrs. Leopoldt & Holt will publish about the first of December a volume entitled "The Hermitage, and Other Poems," by Mr. E. R. Sill, whose little poem on the death of Mr. Lincoln travelled, getting praises as it went, from California to Germany—*Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*—from Germany to England—London *Reader*—and from England back to this country, where it was copied into *Littell's Living Age*.

—It is with pleasure that we call the attention of book-buyers to the latest catalogue of Mr. J. W. Bouton. It describes a large collection of well-chosen imported books, of which some are magnificent. Many of them, having been purchased by Mr. Bouton recently, during the general depression of business in England, are remarkably cheap. For example, he has a reproduction, in exact fac-simile, of the first folio Shakespeare. It was photo-lithographed, under direction of Mr. H. Staunton, from the copies in the British Museum and in Bridgewater House, and is for sale at so low a price as twenty-five dollars. We said in exact fac-simile; the paper, however, is better than that of the folio of 1623; otherwise the resemblance is perfect. We notice, also, Clement's "Bibliothèque Curieuse," which in Dibdin's time was worth from ten to twelve pounds, and of which that gentleman said, in his best bibliomaniacal manner, "In sober sadness it is very rare, and unconscionably dear"—a charge not to be brought against the copy in Mr. Bouton's possession, for he sets on it the price of seventeen dollars and a half. "The favorite book of the immortal Shakespeare"—"Painter's Palace of Pleasure"—can be bought separately, we presume; but in the catalogue is put with the "Mirror for Magistrates" and "Gull's Horn Book," and the three works—comprising six volumes quarto, which are beautifully bound in crimson morocco, full gilt—may be bought for two hundred dollars. The only heraldic etchings designed by Millais are to be found in "The Lineage and Pedigree of the Millais Family," recording its history from 1331 to 1865, a work privately printed, in folio, the edition containing but sixty copies, one of which Mr. Bouton sells for ten dollars.

Professor Monier Williams's English version of the "Sakuntala," with illustrations taken from illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum, the price of which at the time of publication was twenty-one dollars, is offered at ten dollars. The complete works of Jeremy Bentham, with Sir John Bowring's memoir and the author's correspondence, are set at sixty-five dollars, the original price being about one hundred. But the catalogue contains about eight hundred lots, and it is impossible for us to mention more than a few of the rare or beautiful works whose titles it gives. The collection is rich in "galleries," in works extended to many more than the original number of volumes by the insertion of hundreds of plates, and in superbly illustrated works relating to the fine arts, to history, and to natural history.

—The publisher of *The Banker's Magazine* proposes four subjects for essays—one, "The Advantages of the National Bank system of the United States, now in force;" another, "The Best Mode of Extinguishment of the National Debt of the United States;" another, "On Sound Principles of Banking;" another, "Advice to Young Bank Officers on the management of a bank and the duties of their profession;" and for the best essay of all that are sent in—who being the judge of merit we are not informed—he offers a prize of three hundred dollars. For the second best essay he offers a prize of two hundred dollars. The trial is to be made on these conditions—that the essays are to be placed in the editor's hands on or before New Year's day coming, and that the writer, whether a successful or unsuccessful competitor, shall allow his essay to be used—at the regular rate of payment for contributions, we presume—in the current volume of the magazine. Whoever should write a good essay on any one of the subjects above-mentioned would do good service, and though the prize offered may not tempt the writers who best understand the subjects, it is to be hoped that some such may contend.

—All kinds of people have written all kinds of criticism on the Shakespearian writings, from Mr. Theobald, with his matter-of-fact dulness, to Mr. Gerald Massey, with the wild dulness of his spiritualism, and, like everybody else, the doctors have frequently had their say. The latest medical commentator is Dr. George Ross, an Englishman, who has recently published a book called "Studies, Biographical and Literary." Commenting on "Lear," he gives a physician's analysis of the king's madness, which he contrasts with the feigned madness of Edgar. The point he makes is, that Lear, like a real madman, is insensible of the rain and sleet, while Edgar, the sham madman, would have betrayed his imposture to a physician by the very phrase which he is constantly repeating as a proof of his lunacy, "Poor Tom's a-cold." Thereupon he praises Shakespeare's knowledge of mental alienation. But the judgment seems to come rather from the doctor as critic than the critic as doctor. We do not know how it is with the lunatics of the asylums; we are, for the present, willing to take as correct Doctor Ross's assertion that true madmen disregard the discomforts of wind or rain or cold. But Shakespeare does not insist upon that distinction, be it accurate or inaccurate, between the madness of Lear and the madness of Edgar, and we much doubt if, in his own mind, he made it. Edgar says, now and again, "Poor Tom's a-cold," seeming, as we look at it, to think the use of a catchword—no matter what one—good presumptive proof of silliness in the man who uses it. But Doctor Ross will find Lear "contending with the fretful element;" bidding "the wind blow the earth into the sea, or blow the curled waters 'bove the main;" striving "in his little world of man to outscorn the to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain." This is not the behavior of one who "feels nothing" of foul weather. If one says that Lear merely perceived the fury of the elements and sympathized with the commotion in the air and in the sea, while Edgar, on the other hand, feigned physical suffering—why, one may say so;—if one might not say anything, what would become of Shakespearian criticism?—but to prove that Shakespeare meant so, to prove that in the storm Edgar was and Lear was not uncomfortable, is not possible, and to say so is, as it seems to us, to talk like a doctor enthusiastic in his admiration for the poet rather than to talk like a Shakespearian critic of great acumen. Doctor Ross's opinions we get not from his book, but from *The Chronicle*, which briefly notices it.

—"The Talmud," the book containing the body of Hebrew traditions, laws, and explanations of laws, has been made the subject of an essay in the last *Quarterly* which is spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the critics of the English press. Any ordinary critic confesses without shame his ignorance of the Talmud; it is chiefly known to the general reader by some of the Talmudic fables cited in the notes of our English translation of "The Koran," or by a few poems founded on those traditions—such poems, for instance, as Mr. Longfellow's "Sandalphon," or the late John Dorgan's "Dead Solomon." "Why not force it to open its lips?" asks the *Quarterly* writer, and he thereupon gives a digest of it which is, of course, very grate-



fully received by everybody. For, as *The Saturday Review* said recently, the Talmud is "the sphinx towards which all men's eyes are directed at this hour, some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety," and, as *The Spectator* enquires, how often does a man, "learned as a German professor, eloquent as a Greek orator, sly of insinuation as a French novelist, choose to boil down into nervous English the knowledge of a life?" It is easily intelligible why, in the present chaotic condition of the religious world, a clear and able statement of the relations between Judaism and Christianity, bringing out the writing in sympathetic ink inscribed on the blank leaves between the Old Testament and the New—which is what one critic calls the Talmud—should be the cause of eager expectation on the part of some and of anxiety on the part of others. The *Quarterly* writer, of whose essay we are obliged to judge by extracts from it and comments upon it, evidently is of opinion that the morality of the New Testament is not original, at least in the sense in which it is popularly supposed to be. If it were not, he remarks, that our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity are greatly confused, people would not be so much surprised, as many people will be, at the parallelism of dogma, parable, allegory, and proverb exhibited by the Gospels and the Talmudic writings; the work of Christianity as regards morals was, he seems to say, the communicating to the herd, even to the lepers, the ideas hidden for ages in the schools and in the silent community of the learned. In short, Christianity popularized the Talmudic morality. Not that alone; he finds among the points of contact between its teachings and those of our religion the occurrence in the Talmud of theological terms, some of which are by most writers supposed to be, like the ideas they represent, peculiar to Christian thought, as Baptism, Grace, Faith, Repentance, Regeneration, Salvation, Kingdom of Heaven, Son of Man, Son of God. He translates literally specimens of Talmudic teachings of various kinds. He has enriched the English language, *The Spectator* thinks, with at least five new proverbs that ought to remain among us; but some of the best of them may be found in Ray's collection—at any rate, in the latest editions of that once popular book. There are some which we have nowhere seen except in *The Advocate*, a Jewish paper published in this city. These are good, though one is hardly a proverb: "When the pitcher falls on the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls on the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher; whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher;" "Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable." The parables he gives we have not room to quote. They forcibly recall those of the Gospels. Of the moral precepts these are two: "Be thou the cursed, not he who curses;" "Be thou of them that are persecuted, not of them that persecute." Plainly, as a commentary on the Scriptures of the New Testament—for the Talmud is "a history of the Jewish mind for a thousand years, beginning where the Old Testament canon ends"—the Talmud has been too much neglected, and we may look to see it become a fruitful field of study, and one in which our theological teachers must perforce work. Biblical criticism was never more anxiously pursued.

—A death of some interest to the literary world is that of M. F. Dubner, a German, long settled in Paris, and one of the most distinguished Hellenists of the age. As industrious as learned, he compiled various abridgments of classic authors for the use of schools, brought out editions of several of the principal Greek writers, and contributed largely to the new edition of Stephen's "Thesaurus," on which he was engaged in conjunction with the late M. Hase. His "Scholia on Aristophanes" constitutes, perhaps, his chief claim to the gratitude of scholars.

—In view of the tendency which has led so many actions of reigning houses to ally themselves of late years with the stage, and of the characteristic proclivities of so many of the present wearers of crowns, a wag has enquired whether it might not be possible to follow up Napoleon's famous *Parterre de Rois* with a *Troupe de Souverains*, and suggests the following distribution of parts: *Young Lovers*, the King of the Greeks; *Virtuous Fathers*, the King of Prussia; *Coquettes*, the Queen of Spain; *Duennas*, Queen Victoria; *Tyrants and Traitors*, the Czar (on account of Poland); *Caricatures and Imitators*, the Sultan; *Reduced Gentlemen*, the King of Denmark and Emperor of Austria; *The Rich Uncle whom no one likes to offend*, the Emperor Napoleon; *Suashbucklers*, the King of Italy; *Leader of Orchestra*, King of Bavaria; *Pianist*, King of Portugal; *Scene-painter*, King of Sweden; *People, Soldiers, Burgesses, Tradersmen*, etc., King of Belgium, King of Holland, King of Württemberg, Grand-Duke of Baden, Prince of Roumania, etc., etc.; *Manager, drafter-up of play-bills and speeches to public*, Garibaldi; *Stage-illusions, scene-shiftings, machinery*, etc., Von Bismark.

—A profound and independent thinker, Carl Marx, treats, from a communistic point of view, the subject of capital in a work of three volumes.

of which the first has just appeared (Hamburg: O. Meissner). He begins with the production of capital, drawing his illustrations chiefly from England, and the most noticeable chapters are the fourth and fifth, which deal with co-operation, division of labor, machinery, amount of labor, and what is a day's labor; and the sixth, which discusses the modern theory of colonization. The author anticipates for the laboring classes of Europe, in consequence of our late civil war, a social amelioration analogous to that which was achieved politically for the middle classes by the American Revolution. The succeeding volume will relate to the circulation and general development of capital; the third and last will exhibit the history of the theories of political economy.—Von Reichenbach, the author of several works on the odic principle (among which we may mention his book, "Der sensitive Mensch"), has published "Die odische Lohe" (The Odic Flame). This little work contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered by him before the Academy of Science at Vienna. He endeavors to prove, by a vast number of facts, the existence, properties, and relations of an odic flame. He considers it also as a mechanical force, capable of producing circular and straight-line motions.—Weber, whose "Universal History" has deservedly met with general favor, is writing a new "Allgemeine Weltgeschichte" (in twelve volumes), in which special regard is given to the intellectual life and culture of nations in the light of recent historical researches. The work has advanced to its seventh volume, the first half of which has just appeared. It is not a mere chronicle of kings and battles, but affords, so far as we know, within its limits, a better insight into the intellectual progress of the whole world than any other work of its kind.—We noticed last June the appearance of Wagner's "Twelfth Annual Report of the Progress of Chemical Technology." A companion volume is Virchow's "Annual Report on the Progress and Results of the Medical Sciences" (Jahresbericht über die Leistungen und Fortschritte in der gesammten Medicin). This excellent work is published under the auspices of many celebrated physicians. It offers, both to the practical and the trained physician, all that is worth knowing in the current medical literature in a condensed form and in reliable articles based on original works. The first part contains contributions on the auxiliary sciences, the general theory, and the judicial department of medical science. The contributions on practical medicine are contained in the second part. The articles are concisely and objectively written.

## EDUCATIONAL.

HOWEVER writers and speakers on educational and other topics may differ in theory, they are all interested in the collection of facts. We have had frequent occasions to lament that, with the innumerable pamphlets, reports, and journals devoted to public education in this country, it has been so exceedingly difficult to procure the information which is essential to philosophical argument or trustworthy comparison. Each State, each town, and, in some parts of the country, each school district is a law to itself; its returns are compiled on different principles; its usages are ill-defined by statute and are perhaps purely traditional; the nomenclature of schools is more variable than the dialects of Africa; the interchange of reports and documents between different parts of the country is most irregular and unsatisfactory; and there is not a single educational periodical devoted to the discussion of live educational questions in their fundamental principles and their national aspects. Now, if the Department of Education can remedy these evils by giving us an authentic and complete survey of the actual state of the country in respect to this most important concern, we may all heartily bid it God-speed.

The work is already well begun. Eight months from the establishment of the bureau seven important official "circulars" (some of them deserving a less modest designation) have reached us from the office of Mr. Barnard, the able Commissioner of Education. The first and second circulars include the documentary history of the establishment of the department; the speech of Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, explanatory of the proposed act, and an interesting historical article on the views of Washington respecting national instrumentalities for the promotion of education. A board of education, "charged with collecting and diffusing information" for the United States, and a national university in the Federal city, were among the measures which he recommended soon after the organization of our national Government.

The third of the Commissioner's pamphlets has a bearing on the work which Congress first imposed upon the department, to wit, an enquiry into the history, and especially into the results, of all the national appropriations for educational objects. It is a wonder that such an enquiry has never heretofore been instituted, and that the new States of the West, receiving

enormous grants of lands for schools and universities, have never been required to give to the country a report of their stewardship. The circular gives a preliminary outline of the educational land policy of the United States, and an illustration of its operations in Minnesota. When similar information is collected from other parts of the West, a full report is to be made to Congress. The next circular, numbered four and five, is more important than those which preceded, for it sets forth the fundamental principles of the American school systems. The constitutional provisions of every State in respect to education are given in the very words of the several instruments, and not merely the provisions now in force but those which have been embodied in all the previous constitutions of each State. In this epoch of reconstruction and of constitutional conventions it is obvious that such a compilation will be of great public utility.

A kindred service is performed in the sixth circular with reference to the schools of science endowed by the Congressional grant of 1862. The legislation of each State which has accepted the gift is here for the first time presented, and material for discussing the development of these new institutions is brought within the reach of all.

The remaining pamphlet of the series, as thus far published, is an enquiry into the history of incorporated academies and other institutions of secondary instruction, with an essay on the subject of New England academies and incorporated schools.

Our readers will see from this short summary that the department has entered promptly and vigorously on a series of investigations which will be of great value in revealing the true condition of education in this country.

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL\*

WHAT "goes without saying," as the French put it, Dr. Holmes is very apt to say; that, we believe, is the thing which chiefly interferes with our enjoyment of his works. The third page of "The Guardian Angel" gives an example of what we mean. Is there any one who refuses to admit that his "local paper" is seldom to be called an admirable thing? No one, we are fully persuaded. So it is a little—or not a little—unpleasing when a ponderous, much-creaking piece of machinery is dragged out, and that somewhat aged truth—painfully true, we may call it—is violently driven into us, with every appearance of triumph on the part of the engineer. Surely it had several times before sunk through all our minds of its own weight. "The Allies Victorious!" Dr. Holmes makes the unfortunate *State Banner* and *Delphian Oracle* say. "The King and General Cialdini beat the Austrians at Palestro! 400 Austrians drowned in a canal! Anti-French feeling in Germany! Allgermine Zeiturg talks of conquest of Allsatia and Loraine and the occupation of Paris!" And here we are asked to suppose that Professor Gridley, a subscriber to *The Banner and Oracle*, seizes his lead-pencil and begins making indignant marginal notes; for the satirist says, putting what he says in brackets: ["vicious digs with a pencil through the above proper names"]. Well, they do make these mistakes in country newspaper offices; but should not one hesitate about raising up an aged emeritus professor and perturbing his probably serene spirit in order to chastise the poor editor and hold him up to scorn? As Mr. Gridley reads on, he reads, among other things, that "An interesting surprise party transpired"—["bah!"] he writes in the margin over against "transpired"—"an interesting surprise party transpired on Thursday last at the house of the Rev. Mr. Stoker. The parishioners donated—" We knew donated would stop him. It has stopped so many. ["Donated!"] he cries. "GIVE is a good word enough for the Lord's Prayer." There is not a doubt of it; but it does occur to one to ask if the professor doesn't make too much disturbance about it. Surely rather than wish that one's enemy had written a book, it would have been better to wish that one's other enemy would write a book, with wide margins, and one's dearest foe make annotations in a large-paper copy of the work. And, sure enough, it may have been a stroke of art in Dr. Holmes's work—his making his professor, when his lead-pencil is in hand, so stupid as he is. But it has not the appearance of being intended for stupidity. Thus Mr. Gridley goes on through his *Banner and Oracle*, advertisements and all; and with something of the same manner Dr. Holmes, as it appears to us, goes through his story—too often bearing on hard when only the lightest touch would have been pleasing, not to say sufferable; sternly breaking on his wheel the dearest of bugs and butterflies. For example, is a man "really so satirical" when he does this sort of thing? It is about Gifted Hopkins, the typical newspaper poet and village bard—a figure which has come to be, perhaps, the very least mirth-provoking of all

with which satire deals. Satirists in kittenhood have played with it till the breath is long gone out of it:

"By the time he was twelve years old he was struck with the pleasing resemblance of certain vocal sounds which, without being the same, yet had a curious relation which made them agree marvellously well in couples; as *eyes* with *skies*; as *heart* with *art*, also with *part* and *smart*; and so of numerous others, twenty or thirty pairs, perhaps, which number he considerably increased as he grew older, until he may have had fifty or more such pairs at his command.

"The union of so extensive a catalogue of words which matched each other, and of an ear so nice that it could tell if there were nine or eleven syllables in an heroic line, instead of the legitimate ten, constituted a rare combination of talents in the opinion of those upon whose judgment he relied. He was naturally led to try his powers in the expression of some just thought or natural sentiment in the shape of verse, that wonderful medium of imparting thought and feeling to his fellow-creatures which a bountiful Providence had made his rare and inestimable endowment."

And we suppose the satirist of the *Atlanta Intelligencer*, or *Era* (Bill Arp he used to be called), is by this time big enough and strong enough to lash in just this way those familiar Calvinists of Massachusetts:

"Give me one of the books, if you please, Cousin Silence," said Miss Cynthia. "It is Saturday evening. Holy time has begun. Let us prepare our minds for the solemnities of the Sabbath."

"She took the book, one well known to the schools and churches of this nineteenth century.

"Book Second. Hymn 44. Long metre. I guess 'Putney' will be as good a tune as any to sing to."

"The trio began—

'With holy fear and humble song,'—

and got through the first verse together pretty well.

"Then came the second verse:

'Far in the deep where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,  
Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.'

"Myrtle's voice trembled a little in singing this verse, and she hardly kept up her part with proper spirit.

"Sing out, Myrtle," said Miss Cynthia, and she struck up the third verse:

'Eternal plagues and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,  
And darts to inflict immortal pains,  
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.'

"This last verse was a duet and not a trio. Myrtle closed her lips while it was singing, and when it was done threw down the book with a look of anger and disgust. The hunted soul was at bay.

"I won't sing such words," she added, "and I won't stay here to hear them sung. The boys in the streets say just such words as that, and I am not going to sing them. You can't scare me into being good with your cruel hymn-book!"

We cannot claim that the shocking wickedness of this sort of writing shocks us much; in fact, we doubt if there are many even of the dreadful New England people—and those there are do not read—who would not take sides against the traditional Miss Silence; but we do incline to think that to most readers' palates satire of this kind has by this time become rather tasteless. It must have been done to death.

Of this fault of bearing on too hard, we repeat, the book itself, taken as a whole, is an example. When he had written the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Dr. Holmes would have done well, as it has since appeared, had he ceased from satire. That series of papers gave him a brilliant reputation which from that time forward he has gone on damaging, diminishing it by each new book; diminishing the brilliance of it, at any rate, though it may well enough be that he has extended it among more people. He has never stopped hammering at the same nail which he hit on the head when he first struck. "The Professor" took away something from the estimation in which we had been holding the Autocrat; "Elsie Venner" took away a little more; and "The Guardian Angel" takes away a larger portion than was removed by either of the others.

We speak of the author as a satirist. That he is, mainly; he is hardly to be called a novelist. His characters are figures labelled and set up to be fired at, or are names about which a love story is told, or they embody some physiologico-psychological theory; but they are never to be called characters in any true sense of the word. Never is rather a large word, perhaps. We can remember "the young man called John," and we remember him as almost entirely and always human. But this can be said of no other of the personages—boarding-house keepers, young lovers, artists, soldiers, ministers, boarding-school girls—with whose names Doctor Holmes's books are filled. The incidents of his stories and their arrangement into a plot are generally better invented than the characters, and answer well enough the main purpose of the book, which is always essentially an attack on some theologi-

\* "The Guardian Angel. By Oliver Wendell Holmes." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.



cal dogma, an attack made sometimes directly and sometimes by the setting forth of some such theory as this, for example—the one on which is built the novel before us: “It was the strife of her ‘Vision,’ only in another form—the contest of two lives her blood inherited, for the conquest of her soul.” But the humorist and man of wit and satirist leads the novelist astray. Most of his incidents, invented or borrowed, are of no special importance to his subject, and he is often compelled to come forward in his own person and tell us what he intends by them.

Of “The Guardian Angel” as a novel, then, it is hardly worth while to talk. The theory above quoted is well enough illustrated by the incidents which the author has used in “The Guardian Angel”; the narrative part of the novel is at any rate as good as the narrative part of “Elsie Venner” or “The Autocrat” or “The Professor,” and in all these novels the narrative part is good enough for the satirist’s purpose. As to the doctrine which is put forward in all these works—the limitations of human moral responsibility, the effect on the soul of the bad company of the body—we profess ourselves believers in it as Dr. Holmes states it; as doctors generally state it, when they are not doctors of divinity, without humanity. He simply asks us to accept the facts of human nature instead of kicking against the pricks, in the fashion of the divines of a hundred years ago. If his persistence in preaching a doctrine now for a long time pretty generally accepted is going to be serviceable, we are not going to find fault with him in his capacity of preacher. Only, if it is permitted, we doubt whether his anxiety to preach is justified by the state of things around him; and very certainly we do not feel called on to say that his sermon is very new—in fact, we do feel called on to say that it is old, and old sermons have been said to be tiresome. It frequently happens to people to believe in a preacher’s text, and even to accept the discourse of a preacher, without thinking the text the most valuable of texts, or the discourse extremely edifying to the hearer or creditable to the preacher.

Witty, Dr. Holmes is pretty sure to be; and the bright things in “The Guardian Angel” are numerous. The author is not above making Myrtle Hazard in her “Vision” work off such a joke as this: “Another figure was just like the one we called the major, who was a very strong, hearty looking man, and who is said to have drunk hard sometimes, though there is nothing about it on his tombstone”; but, on the other hand, he says plenty of new things like this one, in which, as it seems to us, the adjectives are very well selected: “The strange union of trampling conservatism in some directions and high-stepping conservatism in others”; and like this one, the second half of which, as seen from a certain point of view, is good: “Ministers are men, come now; and I don’t want to say anything against women, Mr. Gridley, but women are women.” Indeed, from any point of view, this last *mot* is at least a *bon mot*. And in this saying—in reading which we italicize the “remember” of the “very young men”—we find no evidence of bearing on hard, and for that reason like it perhaps more than is proper: “She was a pretty creature, a light blonde, a little too light, a village beauty of the kind that very young men are apt to remember as their first love.” This also, if not new, is at any rate well-pointed; it is one of Byles Gridley’s “Thoughts on the Universe,” commented on by that gentleman when he was thinking of publishing a new edition with emendations: “Protestantism means *None of your Business*. But it is afraid of its own logic. *Stet*. No logical resting-place short of None of your business.” And so is this, which is another of the “Thoughts”: “*The supreme self-indulgence is to surrender the will to a spiritual director*. Protestantism gave up a great luxury—Did it though?” The answer, we suppose, must be in the negative, whether one speaks for male or for female Protestantism.

On the whole, “The Guardian Angel” is far from being unreadable, unless one is too fastidious. Each reader of this notice can, we think, judge fairly for himself. For our own part, the passages we have just been quoting, and others like them, are what we found in the volume worth reading, and we may say that we found enough of them and found them fresh enough to repay us tolerably for going through a good deal of triteness and dullness and flippancy.

#### UPHAM ON WITCHCRAFT.\*

THIS admirable work is the result of the joint labors of a father and two sons, each of the contributors having a special gift for his own portion of the work. Thirty-six years ago Mr. Charles Wentworth Upham, of Salem, Mass., published, under the title of “Lectures on Witchcraft,” a small volume, which, after appearing in several editions, has long been out of print.

\* “Salem Witchcraft; with an Account of Salem Village and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects. By Charles W. Upham.” Boston: Wiggin & Lunt. 1867. 2 vols. 18mo, pp. 469, 533.

The author, though frequently importuned to allow a reissue of it, had declined to do so, being made aware, both by the interest which it had engaged and by his own fuller apprehension of the profound and momentous import of his subject, that it deserved a far more thorough investigation and treatment than he had given to it. We are left to infer—indeed the very structure, elaboration of the contents, and exhaustive details of the complete work now before us are evidence of the fact—that a large portion of the whole time which he could rescue from professional duties has ever since been given, with all of a true scholar’s zeal, fidelity, patience, and thoroughness of research, to the collecting and commenting upon all that would illustrate his theme. The fruits of this continuous and faithful labor on his part—aided by his two sons, William Phineas Upham and Oliver Wendell Holmes Upham, in examining, digesting, and copying an immense mass of original documents, and in the survey of localities for the purpose of constructing an historical map exhibiting the homestead lots and farms of the old inhabitants, with engravings of dwellings, autographs, etc.—appear in two volumes which we do not hesitate to pronounce the most faithfully executed and the most intensely and painfully interesting in the whole library of our historical literature. The work is most fitly dedicated by the author to his brother-in-law, Dr. Oliver W. Holmes. The printer and the publishers have lavished upon the materials and upon the mechanical execution of the volumes the highest skill of art. Engrossed and almost spellbound as we have been in perusing the work, led constantly to lift our eyes from the page that we might recall and muse upon the deep problems of awful and harrowing interest which it involves, we have learned from it some sadly instructive lessons in the ever-engaging study of human nature. The year of darkness and woe for the people of one rural region which it chronicles has left a moral for centuries. The theme expands beyond the scene on which the terrific tragedy was enacted, and grows to one of the world’s dramas.

The matter of the work is distributed into three very distinct parts. The first, occupying more than two-thirds of the first volume, gives us the early history of what was originally called “Salem Village,” now principally South Danvers, with sketches of its occupancy by white settlers, the subduing of the wilderness, the manners, mode of life, domestic, social, and religious relations and experiences of the people. The second part, covering the remainder of the first volume, is an instructive essay on witchcraft, treated without local reference, as it stood once in the philosophy and faith of Christendom, with the laws and practices involved in it, thus merging what has too often been regarded as a delusion afflicting a single spot in New England, and as a peculiarly Puritanic superstition, in a fearful bugbear which afflicted the world and numbered its victims by the thousand in Europe, the most honored and revered names of philosophers and statesmen and jurists in Great Britain resting under its dark shadows. The third part of the work, filling the second volume with matter of the most painfully absorbing interest, rehearses in a masterly way the cases of individuals, and the judicial proceedings before magistrates and special and superior courts in connection with the trials for witchcraft, mainly the cases which originated in the localities that had been described and in families whose history had been given. The description of the old Salem Village is a unique performance. In the service of veritable history admitting only solid facts, it has the charm, the elaborateness, and the vivid human vitality which we find distributed among several choice books of fiction and semi-fiction, like Miss Mitford’s “Village” or Mrs. Gaskell’s “Cranford” or “Little Pedlington” or “The Chronicles of Carlingford” and “Salem Chapel.” A law of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1647 provided for the taking of testimony in all cases in the form of depositions, to be written out at length, subscribed and attested by deponents and witnesses, before the cases came to a hearing. These papers were to be put on file *in perpetuum* with the local or general courts where they were used. The depository of the Essex County Court was especially rich in this class of documents, though some of those which properly belong there have found their way into the archives of the State House, and very many of them have been scattered. The value of these papers to an antiquarian or to one engaged upon a specialty of New England local history is, of course, supreme in regard to use and authority. The peculiar character, relations, and experiences of the people with whose affairs they deal and into whose inmost privacies of history and of domestic neighborly concern they enable us to intrude, make these papers of prime importance in their communicativeness to an inquisitive annalist. They relate to all manner of village feuds and altercations, cases of trespass, crime, and misfortune, disputes about land boundaries, inheritances, breaches of the peace and breaches of neighborly amity. Scandal, with its occasions, its workings and effects, and attempted ferretings out and redress or clearings up, enter largely into them. When

a matter of dispute arose which might come before a local magistrate or a jury, these papers were carefully prepared, and the more detailed the contents, the more successfully was the purpose of them accomplished.

Mr. Upham has used a mass of such papers as they were never used before, and to a result which distinguishes his volumes above all that have been devoted to a like historical object. By their help, with the aid of testaments, title-deeds, diaries, letters, town and church records, with other manuscript materials, as well as the exhaustive use of all printed pages bearing on this theme, he has constructed the most remarkable monograph in our historical literature. Following the very ingenious map with the index of names and numbers marking the lots of the original proprietors in the village, prepared by his son, and then falling into the guidance of the father through the text, the reader has the past alive before him.

Mr. Upham has marvellously reproduced for us the old Salem Village, and resuscitated the ancient dwellers in its homes, the tillers of its fields, the magistrates, ministers, and artisans of every trade and handicraft, and even the vagrants in its surrounding forests and byways, and the occasional specimens of the black man and the Indian representing the first slaves in Puritan households. The author finds the scene a wilderness, and describes to us how it was cleared and humanized by the axe, the shovel, the trap, and the fowling-piece; how paths, first for the feet, then for the horse with pack and pillion, were opened, and how they grew to roads for carts and vehicles, first through the large estates of individuals, then to the meeting-house, then to the metropolis of the time. He traces out the original features of the soil, the rills and tidal streams for mill-work, the coves which were of avail for transit by canoes and for traffic with shallops, the watch-hill, where night and day for years the lonely guardian of the rising hamlet was alert to give the alarm of prowling Indians. Then, as one by one the first shanties which housed the settlers yielded to frame buildings whose beams, rafters, and plankings were hewn out by the axe, with no saw mill to help, he places the families of the scattered dwellings in their groups of affinity, intermarriage, and descent, and gives them an organization as a distinct community, culminating in the provision of a meeting-house, a church body, and a minister of their own. It is especially an object with the author to trace out in that community the original causes and workings of the jealousies, feuds, domestic variances, private grudges, neighborhood animosities, and religious bickerings, to the latent or open influence of which he may afterwards refer for at least a partial explanation of the agencies wrought into the appalling delusion which visited upon the inhabitants such a train of direful horrors.

Ten girls, the youngest nine years of age, the oldest twenty years, the others being eleven, seventeen, and eighteen, had formed a little "circle," in the winter evenings of the year 1691, in the house of the minister of Salem Village, and occasionally in the house of a neighbor. These girls, afterwards known as "the afflicted children," and as the accusers of at least two hundred men and women as in league with the devil, had been amusing themselves with practising together the puerilities of palmistry, fortune-telling, and so-called spiritualism till they had become proficient in the tricks and arts of such trifling. The marvel is that, under the rigid discipline of Puritan households, their practices should have been tolerated one day after they were known. But the girls seem to have been not only indulged in their nonsense, but even to have been encouraged in it. They became objects of curiosity and wonder to neighbors who were invited to witness their foolery, or who took them to their own houses to perform there. It was the initiation of a series of direful woes for that neighborhood and for thousands beyond it. The girls were supposed, at times and on occasions at least, to be under a mysterious spell which was not at first regarded as diabolic, and their behavior was licensed. Two of them without rebuke spoke out impudently and irreverently in public worship. As the dangerous play became freer and bolder, physicians first and then ministers were called in and asked for advice. Their judgment was that the girls were suffering under "an evil hand." They had gone too far to retract with safety to themselves, and their own immunity was woe for others. The "afflicted children"—the reader feels a spirit of indignation and wrath tingling through his fingers as if he would like to have a clutch at them as often as he meets that phrase—were pronounced bewitched. The question was, "Who bewitches them?" It was easily answered. A poor, forlorn, desolate, and houseless woman, stricken with the woes of life, a female slave, and an unamiable or maltreated matron were pronounced against. Thus opened the Pandora's box. The "afflicted children" went into most frightful fits, convulsions, agonies, and horrid outcries in presence of the accused. Mr. Upham tells us that the Puritan spectators, who abhorred all scenic and dramatic shows, looked upon acting, mimicries, and simulated representations such as have never been surpassed on any theatrical stage. The literature and the ac-

cepted principles of demonology supplied the ministers and magistrates with methods, tests, and tokens and ways of proceeding in interpreting the signs of diabolism and detecting its agents. Here comes in another marvel. These "afflicted children," if the records are not colored or exaggerated, suffered extreme tortures in their actings; they constrained themselves into postures and manifestations for hours together, involving the most excruciating pains. What was the motive, the incentive, the reward? Why did they not actually part with sanity? Why did not one or more, at least, die under these agonies simulated too dangerously near to reality? Mr. Upham answers these questions more ably and philosophically than they have ever been answered before, by his deliberate and discriminating method of dealing with them. The fraud and the delusion spread jointly with an amazing and a desolating sweep and vigor. One year of time compassed its full atrocity and outrage; but it was a year that took in a century of dismay, cruelty, and desolation for human fortunes and sympathies. Old grudges, alienations, and private hostilities were made the occasion for the selection of victims, and accusation, unless met by a full confession of guilt, was sure death. A few doubted and distrusted from the first; but those who dared to say so were instantly accused. As the "afflicted" grew bolder and the spirit of the people became frenzied, a higher class of victims was selected. The aged, the revered, the honored, and the saintly, a terror to their dearest friends and relatives, were promiscuously crowded into loathsome dungeons and loaded with chains. The victims were of all ages and conditions, including a minister, church members, and little children. Shocking cruelties and barbarities marked the proceedings, and the most revolting inhumanities attested how deadly was the poison which was working in the grim superstition.

In the summer season of 1693 nineteen condemned wretches and wizards were executed by hanging, on the hill in Salem. A twentieth victim, the sturdy and heroic old Giles Corey, eighty years of age—the John Brown of the holocaust—was pressed to death in resolute refusal to plead to the indictment. It gives us a sublime regard for the nobleness and heroic firmness of these victims, men and women, to remind ourselves that the word of confession weakly, but not unnaturally, spoken by many would have instantly saved them. It was intended to have followed up the savage work by successive instalments from the hundreds of convicted victims crowded into the jails. But a most opportune delay in the sessions of the court, and a change in its composition and judicature, working with a strengthening spirit of distrust and a bolder questioning of the proceedings, gave time and occasion for opening the eyes of a distracted and well-nigh brutalized community to a sense of their infatuation. By the governor's proclamation a general jail delivery released one hundred and fifty chained men and women and children from their loathsome cells and dungeons. It is not accurately known how many in all had been imprisoned; but they are supposed to have been many hundreds. The mind and heart find little relief for the generation then on the stage, whether in the prisons or outside of it. Death, with its peace and its reawakening, could alone release them from the experiences and the memories of their woe.

#### SOME PRIMITIVE QUAKERS.\*

It is no discredit to Mrs. Webb to say that of the characters which she studies the two who speak most for themselves are the most interesting of the family group. These are Mary Penington and Thomas Ellwood. Of William Penn's writings and public career enough is known to preclude much additional information, and his domestic life, strictly speaking, is the least attractive part of his biography—though not without instruction, certainly, and affording an admirable test of his character. His first wife, Gulielma Maria, was remarkable chiefly as the daughter of Mary Springett, and though her lineal portrait is given, and her girlhood dwelt upon, she is only a pretty ornament of the story, serving to connect the Penns and the Peningtons. As for her stepfather, Isaac Penington, a Puritan graduated to Quakerism, he lacks nothing of endurance or Christian patience and forgiveness under persecution, nor of duty to his family, nor of liberal ideas on education, nor of unobtrusive fidelity to his convictions. But he was narrow of conscience and serene almost to self-righteousness, as his letters to his Puritanical father bear witness; and all that he writes is pervaded, not—Mrs. Webb is right—by mysticism, but by that figurative phraseology destined in time to become the cant of the Friends' preaching, and which is dull even when sincere because of its vagueness. His utterances alone would, perhaps, have

\* "The Penns and Peningtons of the Seventeenth Century, in their Domestic and Religious Life: Illustrated by Original Family Letters. Also, Incidental Notices of their Friend Thomas Ellwood, with some of his Unpublished Verses. By Maria Webb, author of 'The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their Friends.'" London: F. Bowyer Kitto. 1867. Pp. 430.



cost him little repose, but he held a leading social position among Friends, and was the object of private malevolence on the part of certain of the nobility, so that it is not strange that he was six times imprisoned, nor that his epistles to his persecutors, written during his confinement, contributed nothing to his release or subsequent immunity. From his hospitable and tender nature it is probable there are letters extant which are more readable than most of those here quoted; and, in fact, we are allowed one glimpse of him writing to his wife about their boys—how "Ned" was "looking very well and fresh, if not too well; I mean too fat;" and how to "Bill" "I said, 'If thou canst not get quiet, father will get all thy love from thee,' for he was exceedingly loving to me this morning in bed. He said, 'No! no! must not get all the love from mother.'" And then the good Isaac confesses that he is moved by his "natural love" to "express these things, yet not without some fear lest I should be instrumental to draw thy mind too much into that nature which I myself want to be daily further and further drawn out of."

Mary Penington's account of herself to her grandson, Springett Penn, which involves also the life and character of her boy-husband, Sir William Springett, is in every way delightful. She, a precocious little girl, who intuitively revolted from the forms of the Established Church, and groped her way artlessly but surely to the gate of natural prayer—helped by the excessively doubtful dictum of Preston "that in many things the world and hypocrites could imitate a saint, but in prayer they could not"—is brought up as a playmate and housemate with her future husband, who also, though more directly trained to Puritanism while at Cambridge, displays independent religious beliefs remarkable for his time and years. He denies to the midwife her formal prayer at the birth of his child, and gives thanks himself to the Lord "in a very sweet and melting way, which caused great amazement;" but not more than his refusal to let the parish priest baptize the child, and his taking it, "when it was eight days old," five miles to a Non-conformist preacher, who desired him to hold it during the ceremony. "It was a great cross and a new business, which caused much gazing and wonderment for him, a gallant and very young man, in the face of so great an assembly, to hold the child in his arms." And a month later, having taken the Scotch Covenant against Popery, he shares in the fight of Edgehill, and is afterwards made deputy-lieutenant of Kent. Taken fatally ill at Arundel, his wife journeys heroically to him from London, sometimes rowing in a boat over the flooded highway, first putting on board the things out of the coach, and again upset at night in a hedge opposite a precipice, and a quarter of a mile from the town delayed by "the wheel of the coach having pitched close into the root of a tree." The restless invalid, she found, had been only prevailed on to take to his bed by permission to shoot birds with his cross-bow out of the window; and he did this "till the spots went in and the fever got to his head." What followed is very pathetically told. A long season of mental disquietude intervened between Sir William's death and Mary's marriage to Isaac Penington and conversion to the principles of George Fox. Later she appears as an admirable business manager, and when she came to renovate and enlarge the homestead to which they were finally driven, after many vicissitudes, "I often thought," she writes, "and sometimes said, that if I had lived in the time when building of houses for the service or worship of the Lord was accepted and blessed, I could not have had in such work a sweeter, stiller, or pleasanter time."

Less austere than most Friends, and rightly to be styled genial, bearing his crosses not grimly but with philosophical humor, a friend of the classics, an humble follower of the Muses, Thomas Ellwood is a chronicler that any sect might covet. Like Penington and like Penn, he belongs to the plutocracy;—in this work we are not admitted to lowly hearthstones. Like both, he incurred the paternal displeasure, though his father, if sterner than the Alderman, never resorted to the cane like the Admiral. When Thomas, Quaker-true, would not take off his hat even to his father, his hats and caps were hidden from him, and his pocket-money, or anything that could be converted into money, withheld; so that when arrested, just before the restoration of Charles II., for travelling on Sunday, he is obliged to warn the constable not to make him incur the expense of an inn, for he carries no purse, and his horse and even his great coat are borrowed. And the warden who is to try him cries, "Bless me! I never met with such a man as you are before! What! were you set out by the parish?" Thomas gets easily out of that scrape, but into many others, and during his stay in London, where he reads Latin aloud, in the Continental fashion, to the blind Milton, is arrested in meeting and with his fellow-worshippers carried off to Bridewell. Here he would fain have starved on tenpence, but succor comes, and he employs himself making night-waistcoats for a hosier. Afterwards being transferred to the crowded Newgate, where the prisoners slept in three tiers of hammocks, he enjoys the providential and amusing retribution which fell upon the keepers, who had impressed "an ancient man, a grave citizen,"

caught hurrying past the jail, to make up the coroner's inquest on a victim of their inhumanity. He, insisting on seeing the place where the death occurred, said truly at the sight of it, "I did not think there had been so much cruelty in the hearts of Englishmen to use Englishmen in this manner!"—and that was the beginning of better treatment for those who were there confined. Thomas ultimately returned to his "dear master," Milton, who submitted to his judgment the manuscript of "Paradise Lost;" upon which the pupil asks where is "Paradise Found," and in due time gets his answer and the credit of the suggestion.

Ellwood's story of his courtship is full of that quaint solemnity of phrase and of feeling with which Friends invest even their most trivial actions. On parting from Mary Ellis for a fortnight's absence, after having confessed his love, he hoped, he said, "to receive a suitable return from her in the Lord's time; to whom, in the meantime, I committed both her, myself, and the concern between us. And indeed," he adds slyly, "I found at my return that I could not have left it in a better hand." Nor could Mary, let us agree, have fallen into better hands than his; for surely it was not wholly the Quaker sense of the equality of the sexes that made it his first care after marriage "to secure my wife what money she had, and which, with herself, were bestowed on me. . . . Wherefore with the first opportunity (as I remember, the very next day, and before I knew particularly what she had) I made my will, and thereby secured to her whatever I was possessed of, as well as all that she brought, with that little which I had before I married her." Does not this noble conduct plead against a hundred such distichs as—

"Things subject to exterior sense  
Are to mutation most prepossessing."

and other rhymes of which Thomas was guilty while yet a Quaker might be guilty of rhymes?

Penn is well presented to us by Mrs. Webb, and his contests with a corrupt and arbitrary judiciary, and advocacy of the rights of all Englishmen as a prisoner at the bar and as a Dissenter before Parliament, deserve to be for ever remembered with gratitude. For one who was probably familiar with all the temptations of the flesh, he carried self-abnegation to a high degree in declining the obvious and easy path to preferment which his father's achievements and his own talents opened to him at an early age. He never shirked the odium of his religious profession nor the sufferings which it entailed, and in which he associated and identified himself with the humblest members of the Society. He alone manifested a disposition to found, like the Puritans, a state policy upon his doctrines; and had no dispute arisen concerning his charter, so that he could have settled in America as he wished, the world had perhaps not been cheated of a valuable experiment in human government. For what he said of George Fox may be not inaptly applied to him: "I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service or occasion."

Mrs. Webb is to be congratulated on the scheme and on the execution of her work. The Quakers hold for ever the honor of announcing the perpetual and everyday inspiration of God. Their rule of conduct—as the spirit directs—is a great advance upon the constant appeal to Scripture texts or to the letter of the human law. But it is one thing to possess the rule, and another to receive the inspiration; and it is, we think, in confounding high with commonplace motives, duties with desires, aspirations with inclinations, that the Quakers have belittled their doctrine, and subsided into formally eccentric, dead-level sobriety, making the purchase of a field and the protest against wrong and violence equally a "concern," if not, indeed, making more of the former than of the latter. It is because we must go back to that bitter period from the time of the Commonwealth to the Revolution of 1688—in which so many religious ideas alternately predominated, and in which the Quaker was always abused and to be abused, no matter which was in power—in order to learn anew what conscience means, and what Milton meant by the irresistible might of weakness, that such a history as Mrs. Webb has elaborated is precious in the formation of character and in the purification of church and state. Fortunately she has so used her materials as to construct an entertaining as well as edifying narrative. In point of interest she leaves little to be desired.

*A Treatise on the American Law of Easements and Servitudes.* By Emory Washburn, LL.D. Second edition. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—This is a new edition of a very useful treatise, covering an important branch of the law which is nowhere else adequately treated. The work is so well known by the legal profession that an extended criticism of it would be superfluous. It is only necessary to say that the present edition appears to have been carefully revised, and to include notes of all the decisions which have been reported since the first edition was published. It is a work without a competitor upon its peculiar ground, and is necessary to every complete legal library.

*Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.*

*All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.*

### THE NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY.

THE approaching session of Congress is likely to become memorable for the number of financial measures submitted to its discussion. The questions of currency contraction, of payment of the national debt, of further greenback issues, and of the substitution of greenbacks for the notes of national banks, will all be brought up for decision at an early day; but unlike the many financial measures passed during the last six years, those now to be brought forward are being discussed in advance of Congress, and there is a fair chance that we shall thus be saved from further legislative crudities such as now afflict us. The National Bank act is one of the many specimens of the blundering legislation sometimes extracted from Congress by ignorance, cupidity, and party zeal. Under the provisions of that act many honorable men have organized national banks in all parts of the country, and have invested in them time, money, character, and ability. The investment has generally proved a very profitable one, mainly owing to the privilege given to these banks to issue paper money, the now well-known national bank currency. This currency was at first very popular everywhere, but latterly public opinion has somewhat changed, and it has come to be generally understood that this currency, while very profitable to the banks, is also very expensive to the people: hence the proposition recently made, and certain to be urged upon Congress, to substitute greenbacks for the national bank currency, seems to be received with almost universal favor. It would seem natural that the owners of national banks should feel aggrieved at an attempt to deprive them of valuable privileges conferred upon them by law, and should use every legitimate means to defeat it; but the only open attempt so far made to defend their position, the letter of their great leader, Mr. Jay Cooke, is so thoroughly specious, labored, and unsound that it has had no effect upon the public beyond convincing it that the position of the banks admits of no defence. The question is, however, far from being as simple as the public generally seems disposed to consider it.

Stripped of all technicalities, the case stands precisely as follows: When the greenbacks or United States currency were first issued, it was generally understood that they were a temporary expedient only, that they were, in the phraseology of the times, emphatically a "war measure," and that with the end of the war the existence of the greenbacks was to come to an end likewise. An irredeemable paper currency was entirely antagonistic to the general feeling and judgment of the country; and although, in the total absence of all currency at the time the act was passed, the legal tenders or greenbacks were received as an inestimable blessing, yet there has been no time since when the sober thought of the people has not looked upon them as intruders to be expelled as soon as possible, and has not reverted with natural longing to the promised return to specie payments and a currency redeemable in coin. This desirable result, among others, it was thought could and would be obtained through the national banks. They were to be allowed to issue bank-notes or currency to the amount of three hundred millions (the amount of currency which it was supposed would be required in times of peace), and these notes they were bound to redeem on demand in "legal-tender" currency. As long as there were greenbacks in circulation, the national banks could redeem their notes in that kind of "legal-tender." But the supply of greenbacks was to be, and is now being, rapidly reduced by contraction; a time will soon come when there will be no longer any greenbacks out, and then the national banks will be compelled to redeem their notes in the only kind of "legal-tender" left, viz., gold and silver coin, and thus specie payments were to be restored. In order to have ample security that the banks would, according to agreement, redeem the notes so issued when called upon, they were required to purchase and deposit in the Treasury at Washington an amount of United States bonds equal to or a little larger than the amount of currency they were

allowed to issue. These bonds of course belong to the banks, although temporarily pledged to the United States Treasury, and the interest accruing on them is regularly paid to the banks as it would be to any other owner. There seems at first sight nothing objectionable in this, but there is nevertheless much.

The original founders of a national bank contribute in greenbacks a capital of a million of dollars. With these greenbacks they buy a million of bonds; the bonds are deposited in Washington, where they draw six per cent. interest in coin or seven per cent. interest in currency. The bank thus secures six or seven per cent. interest on its capital, the same as any other capitalist who invests his money in bonds; but the bank in addition receives from the Treasury a million of national bank-bills, which are money in all parts of the United States, and which the bank can loan in Wall Street or anywhere else for another seven per cent. per annum. It is evident that capital invested in a national bank gets a double rate of interest—one seven per cent. from the people who borrow its bills, and another seven per cent. from the United States Treasury for interest on the bonds deposited with it. The seven per cent. paid by the Treasury is, of course, paid by the people at large, and it is this interest, amounting to over twenty millions of dollars per annum, which it is proposed to save by substituting greenbacks for the notes of the national banks. If, instead of selling to the national banks the three hundred millions of bonds, against which they are authorized to issue *their* currency, the Treasury had in the first instance issued three hundred millions of its own currency—greenbacks—it is evident that there would have been no more currency out and no less than there is now, that the total of the national debt would have been no larger than it is now, but that three hundred millions more of that debt would have been free of interest instead of costing, as they now do, over twenty millions of dollars annually, which are taken from the people by taxation to be put in the pockets of the national-bank stockholders. This is the great error, the great wrong, of the National Bank Act, and the all but unanimous voice of the country demands that the error should be corrected and the wrong redressed.

As matters now stand, a one-dollar national bank note is nothing more than a promise to pay a one-dollar greenback on demand. The popular argument is, that if the greenback itself is, as it must be, preferable to any promise to furnish it, no matter how substantial or well-secured, and the greenback, the actual thing, can be had without cost to the people, it is a self-evident absurdity to make the people pay a heavy tax for somebody's promise to furnish that greenback on demand. The argument, we take it, is unanswerable. But the remedial measure, so readily deduced from this argument, to substitute greenbacks for the national notes, to let the cheap actual thing promised take the place of the expensive promise, is more open to objection.

In the first place, the practical execution of the measure is fraught with great and serious difficulty. The bonds deposited in the Treasury certainly belong to the banks. Congress may withdraw the right to issue currency against these bonds, but it cannot compel the banks to sell them. It is true, if the banks are deprived of their currency they may be forced to sell their bonds from want of money, but they will then sell them in the open market and get the current price, which is far above the nominal par value of the bonds. If the Government declares its willingness to buy the bonds of the banks at market price, who is to fix that price, and which market price is to be taken—that of the day when the law is passed, or that of the day when the bank surrenders its currency, or that of any other day? And if the Government buys these bonds at market price, paying the heavy premium on them (what injustice to other bondholders!), why should the bonds of the banks alone be redeemed? Or if the banks are compelled or allowed to sell their bonds in the open market, what disastrous fluctuations would result from the sudden or even gradual sale of such an immense additional amount of securities, what loss would result to the banks and to a thousand other innocent holders! It is very easy to say the banks shall call in their currency, but do they control it? It is in the hands of the people, who want it for their daily business transactions, and who will not take the trouble to present it for redemption, unless compelled by a threat of depreciation. And what effect would it have on the business of the country if the national cur-



rency were suddenly threatened with depreciation? Why, every bank and private banker, every merchant or retail dealer, every manufacturer in the United States would be bankrupt in less than a month, and thousands of people thrown out of employment and brought to the verge of starvation. A cry of distress runs through the land at Mr. McCulloch's persistent contraction of four millions a month; but to compel redemption of the national currency is equal to contraction of three hundred millions in a day. We could fill a column with the enumeration of practical difficulties in the way of the measure proposed, but practical difficulties rarely trouble visionaries and demagogues.

We have said that the practical difficulties in the way of substituting greenbacks for the national bank notes will prove very serious and, perhaps, insurmountable. We now propose to show that the object sought to be obtained by the proposed substitution can be better obtained in a different manner. The real cause of complaint is none other than the excessive cost to the people of the currency furnished them by the national banks. If the banks desire to retain the business of furnishing the people with currency, let them offer to do it at less cost. The banks now get seven per cent. per annum on their currency from borrowers, and seven per cent. per annum on their bonds from the Treasury or the people at large. Let the banks be satisfied with seven per cent. per annum on their currency, and *three* per cent. per annum on their bonds. Let the National Bank Act be amended so that on all bonds deposited in the Treasury as security for national currency only one-half of the usual interest be allowed; or, in other words, that the banks be required to pay into the Treasury one-half of the interest on their deposited bonds in return for the privilege of issuing currency. They will still make money out of the privilege; not so much as they have been making, but fully as much as the people are willing to let them make, and much more than they will make if the privilege be entirely withdrawn.

Business throughout the country is in a very unsatisfactory condition. The natural reaction from years of wasteful national and individual extravagance is aggravated by the wretched condition of our currency. The currency can only be made worse and all its attendant evils intensified by violent changes now. It is not to the interest of the banks or of the people at large that these changes should be enforced; but enforced they will be, unless the banks meet the popular demand by voluntary concessions. The feeling pervades the community with almost perfect unanimity, that a law which gives to the national banks fourteen per cent. interest on their capital, in the midst of general depression in business, is an anomaly and absolutely unendurable. The difficulties in the way of substituting greenbacks for the national notes, and the indisposition to tamper with the currency now, incline the people to concessions. Let the banks meet them in a similar spirit, and they may still save a part of their valuable privileges; if not, they will lose the whole.

#### THE POLITICAL PROSPECT IN 1868.

THE Republican party has sustained a series of defeats this year scarcely equalled in its history. When, on the 17th ultimo, we pointed out that it had lost 107,000 of its majorities last year, and predicted that it would lose the New York election, we were severely denounced both as false prophets and as enemies to the party. But our predictions are much more than verified. We foretold 15,000 Democratic majority in New York, desiring to make the figure as moderate as we honestly could. As soon as the registration was completed, we estimated the probable majority at 35,000. In fact, it exceeds 48,000. The returns from other States are very imperfect, but seem to indicate 25,000 Republican majority in Massachusetts, 16,000 Democratic majority in New Jersey, 40,000 Democratic majority in Maryland, 5,000 Republican majority in Wisconsin, 4,000 in Minnesota, and perhaps 5,000 in Kansas. The returns from Illinois and Michigan, where county officers only were chosen, are so meagre as to afford no indication of the results. Estimating the loss in these States at half the proportion shown by other States, the total loss upon the Republican majorities of last year, in the various elections of 1867, cannot be reckoned at less than 820,000, or three-fourths of the party's entire majority.

It must not be supposed, however, that anything like this number of voters have actually left the Republican party. The change has been effected by about 60,000 Democrats voting this year who did not vote in 1866, but were of the same politics then; about 160,000 Republicans who voted last year now staying at home, and not over 50,000 Republicans, at the most, voting the Democratic ticket, unless we include the 5,000 German Republicans of New York, who voted for Hoffman in 1866.

The voters who simply stayed at home are certainly *not* permanently lost to their party; and the Republicans who this year voted the Democratic ticket are not *certainly* lost. The former class may easily be brought out on the right side in 1868. The latter class may be won back, but not so easily.

If Presidential electors had been chosen at the recent elections, the result would have been as follows:

REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.
Illinois . . . . . 16	California . . . . . 5
Indiana . . . . . 13	Connecticut . . . . . 6
Iowa . . . . . 8	Delaware . . . . . 3
Kansas . . . . . 3	Kentucky . . . . . 11
Maine . . . . . 7	Maryland . . . . . 7
Massachusetts . . . . 12	New Jersey . . . . . 7
Michigan . . . . . 8	New York . . . . . 33
Minnesota . . . . . 4	Pennsylvania . . . . 26
Missouri . . . . . 11	
New Hampshire . . . . 5	
Ohio . . . . . 21	
Rhode Island . . . . . 4	
Tennessee . . . . . 10	
Vermont . . . . . 5	
West Virginia . . . . 5	
Wisconsin . . . . . 8	
Total . . . . . 140	Total . . . . . 98

We have omitted three small States—Oregon, because no election was held there, and Nebraska and Nevada for want of any returns. Each chooses three electors. We think Nebraska should be placed in the Republican column, and the others in the Democratic, making the vote 143 to 104.

If the Southern States should be admitted in season for the next election, their votes would (judging by the elections just held) be cast as follows, assuming that no change will be made in the law of suffrage:

REPUBLICAN.	DEMOCRATIC.
Alabama . . . . . 8	Arkansas . . . . . 5
Florida . . . . . 3	Georgia . . . . . 9
Louisiana . . . . . 7	North Carolina . . . 9
Mississippi . . . . . 7	Texas . . . . . 6
South Carolina . . . . 6	Virginia . . . . . 10
Total . . . . . 31	Total . . . . . 39

The vote in Georgia and Virginia would be very close if it were polled to-day and all voted. Possibly both might be carried by the Republicans on a full vote as they have been on a partial vote, but we doubt it.

The prospect for 1868 is still favorable for the Republican party, but the above statement clearly shows that it is by no means free from uncertainty. Much will depend upon the management of both parties. New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois are all very doubtful States. Republican politicians count with great confidence upon New York, but with little reason. The cities of New York and Brooklyn have just given 75,000 Democratic majority. They will increase this in 1868 to 85,000, if not more. The largest Republican majorities ever rolled up by the interior of the State were 110,000 for Fremont in 1856, 82,000 for Lincoln in 1860, 81,000 for Dickinson in 1861, and 70,000 for Fenton in 1866. On no other occasion has the interior given more than 55,000 majority. In 1864, Lincoln had only 48,000 majority in the rural districts to overbalance the 41,000 and over given to McClellan by these

two cities. Can the interior poll 90,000 majority for any Republican in 1868? We must say that we consider it in the highest degree improbable. We doubt whether it can make out 70,000 majority, yet that figure will infallibly be overcome by the cities. Without going further into details, we are of opinion that Governor Seymour would certainly carry New York State, while Mr. Pendleton might possibly carry it, but probably would not if the Republicans were thoroughly united.

Pennsylvania and Indiana are always doubtful, as every one knows. The majority in both States in 1866 was comparatively small, requiring a change of only two per cent. of the electors to reverse it. It may seem strange, however, that we should set down Illinois as doubtful, when she gave 56,000 Republican majority last year. But Fenianism contributed largely to that vote, and will never do so again. Moreover, the southern part of the State, which has been so wonderfully converted within the last five years through the influence of General Logan and his friends, may be restive under the rapid progress of the Republican party toward equality of political rights. Nevertheless, we think the probabilities are in favor of Republican success in Illinois. Indiana seems to us more doubtful. Mr. Pendleton perhaps might carry it, but we do not think he could carry Pennsylvania.

In fact, the great element of uncertainty in the contest of 1868 lies in the action of the Democratic party. The Republicans will pretty certainly nominate Grant. The Democrats will as certainly nominate Pendleton or Seymour. Their difficulty is that the former cannot carry the East, and the latter cannot carry the West. Nominating one for President and the other for Vice-President will not help the matter, as nobody expects the Vice-President to have any influence. We presume that Pendleton is the favorite; but New York and Pennsylvania are too important to be risked, and if they declare with emphasis that they cannot carry a repudiationist, the Democratic Convention cannot refuse to be guided by their advice.

If the Democrats should lose Pennsylvania, they would also lose Connecticut, and would have to carry Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and one other State at the West to make up their loss. The loss of both New York and Pennsylvania would make their prospects absolutely hopeless. It is, therefore, easy to foresee the paramount influence which the delegations from those States will exercise in the convention.

#### GOD'S WILL IN POLITICS.

We notice in some of the religious papers a disposition to take a despondent view of the condition of public opinion touching the negro, and to infer a reaction from the issue of the late elections. We confess we do not well see what warrant there is in the history of the last two years for any such conclusion. What has happened seems to us the natural and legitimate result of the view of their duties taken by many of the Republican leaders. They seem to have supposed that all that they had to do was to find out what the people *ought* to want, and then, if they could get hold of a majority, force it to have it. But finding out what the people *ought* to want is only one-third of a statesman's task; it consists, also, in finding out what the people *does* want, and in persuading it to leave the bad and embrace the good. The duty of persuasion, however, is one which many of the Radical leaders have sedulously eschewed. They have hardly made any efforts to win people over to their way of thinking, and have steadily refused to believe that men have to be governed as they are, and not as moralists would like to see them; so that we think that there can hardly be a doubt that the revolt of the rank and file is due not to a dislike to the direction in which they are being led, but to the behavior of their guides. People will not be bullied or humbugged even into the noblest courses. They will insist on having their reason and even their prejudices respected, and they will not accept Congressmen or popular lecturers as either apostles or evangelists whose utterances on political topics are to be received as gospel or mathematical demonstrations.

The case, as every one saw who examined it coolly at the close of the war, was simply this: The opposition to slavery, especially after the rebellion broke out, had a moral basis. That all men have received from God the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that negro

slavery was therefore immoral, was a proposition which was accepted over the greater part of the civilized world; so that although many fought against slavery on grounds of expediency merely, the position of those who believed with Mr. Lincoln that if slavery were not wrong nothing was wrong, was impregnable. If it were right, the generally received theory of God's character and of the objects of political society would have had to be revised. The question of maintaining it was not simply a political question; it was three-fourths a moral question.

Once slavery was abolished, however, and the question of how best to secure the negroes in the enjoyment of their freedom came up for discussion, we had got into an entirely new field. This was a question which had to be decided by the aid of the usual methods of political enquiry. The misfortune of the Republican party has been that it has had to enter on the discussion of this, as well as of some kindred questions, under the leadership of some men who had been bred in the anti-slavery agitation and were therefore unfamiliar with the use of the ordinary political instruments—who have so long been accustomed to dealing with moral considerations solely that they were unable to see the force of any other. They therefore set about preaching equal suffrage with as lofty an indifference to the prejudices or opinions or traditions of the mass of the public as if they had been offering the gospel to a set of heathen. There has positively seemed at times to be a strife between them to see which could place his peculiar political views before the nation in the most repulsive and disagreeable shape. Compromise, argument, persuasion, patience, any of the arts, in short, by which statesmen are in the habit of carrying their point, were treated very much as a missionary would treat a proposition to sacrifice to idols for the purpose of conciliating the pagans.

Now, the public was not ready for this. It was not ready to accept universal suffrage as a legitimate deduction from the abolition of slavery, and was not ready to believe, no matter who preached it, that it was the will of God that every man ought to have a vote. When it had emancipated the negroes, it had carried its religious feelings into politics as far as it was ready to carry them, and no amount of invective from Mr. Stevens or Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Sumner was sufficient to induce it to carry them any further. This is, no doubt, partly due to prejudice, but it has other and more respectable causes. The traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race—the only race which has been successful, during a long series of years, in carrying on constitutional government—the experience of mankind, the conclusions of the wisest and ablest jurists and philosophers—all assure us that all we know of God's will in politics is that he intends the aim and object of civil society to be the happiness and development of the individual man. In other words, the only inalienable right of man in society of which we know anything is the right to be well governed. As to what is the best kind of government, or, in other words, as to the best means of securing the common weal, God has given us no direct light whatever. Nothing is deducible on this subject from his character. He has left us to find it out ourselves, and for this purpose has furnished us with the reasoning faculty. Therefore, all talk about the rule of the majority enjoying more of the divine favor than the rule of the minority is simply moonshine. Both are either good or bad as they produce good or bad results. In some stages of culture monarchy is best, in others oligarchy, in others democracy. What produced peace and prosperity amongst the Athenians would have destroyed civilization amongst the Persians; what produces the utmost happiness in America would establish anarchy in Ireland. No human being, and no collection of human beings, has any right to govern anybody, unless experience and reflection lead to the conclusion that his government or their government will be the best that can be had. The ballot is not simply a personal privilege; it is the means of helping to govern other people, and, therefore, no human being has a natural right to it.

The American people feel all this in their bones, even if they do not put it in words. They have never acknowledged or acted on the inalienable-right doctrine as regards the suffrage. They did not act on it with regard to the whites at the North. Property qualifications for the franchise were abolished in these States as a piece of political expediency, and not as a religious duty. The franchise is withheld from women because it is believed, wrongly, as we think, that they would



make a bad use of it. The whole government of the country in every part has been conducted for eighty years on the principle of expediency—on the principle that whatever seems likely to promote the common weal ought to be done, but nothing else. To ask the people to legislate for the negro on different grounds and for different motives, to concede to them what they have never conceded to men of their own race and what the experience of mankind forbids their conceding—the right to vote, no matter what use they are likely to make of their vote—is to ask something which there is not the least chance of getting.

Moreover, those who have sought to deal with negro suffrage in this way appear to have flattered themselves that when they proclaimed the inalienable-right doctrine they had made a grand political discovery that would serve as a sort of certificate of the sacredness of their mission, and under cover of which they could push their reforms in various other fields. In Massachusetts, for instance, they determined to make men temperate by law, and scorned to justify themselves by ordinary political considerations. They claimed religious sanctions for their course, and got a thousand clergymen to preach sermons in favor of the prohibitory law the Sunday before the last election. Now, granting—as we freely do—that we know that God desires men to be temperate, we deny altogether that he has furnished us with any guide but reason and experience as to the best mode of promoting temperance. If prohibitory legislation, on the whole, promotes the common weal—that is, diminishes intemperance without producing other forms of evil in its stead—there ought to be prohibitory legislation. If prohibitory legislation does not diminish the amount of intemperance or does promote other forms of evil, there ought not to be any prohibitory legislation. Whether it is desirable or not is to be decided either by experiment or by the ordinary process of political induction, to enable us to perform which the Almighty has given us the reasoning faculty and written records of human experience; but rhetoric and music and horrid pictures of drunkenness shed no more light on the question than they shed on the origin of evil.

Now, whether repressive legislation will or will not diminish drunkenness is a question on which clergymen, *as such*, have no more claims to be heard than other people. God has not given them any special instruction on this point. What they say about it in the pulpit has, therefore, no more value than if they said it in an arm-chair or from an open window, and we object to their saying anything about it in the pulpit at all—if the advocacy of prohibitory legislation in such a place is intended to produce on the public the impression that there is to be found in theology some special instruction as to the comparative value of political means. Any clergyman who tries to produce this impression does himself and religion an injury. His business is to keep men's eyes fixed constantly on the great end of political society—the good of the whole. The means of attaining this end is a science in itself, and needs special study.

We think it would not now be a bad plan for the advanced Radicals to come down off the theological platform and bring negro suffrage down with them. It will certainly improve their taste and temper. It will make them more tolerant of opposition, and will familiarize them with the use of the old weapons of political warfare; weapons which they certainly need not be ashamed to use, as most of the great victories of modern progress have been achieved with them. The arguments drawn from this source are arguments with which the public is familiar and which it can always appreciate, and with which we are satisfied the victory of equal rights can be secured more readily than with any other.

#### "THE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL."

Or people looking for the millennium there are some who, if we may say so, shut their eyes and look; and these look forward. But most of us, when perfect and happy humanity is to be discovered, are apt with a pathetic faith, a faith which is not the substance of things hoped for, to turn our eyes backward. Necessarily, it is in ages of which man is ignorant that he finds the golden age, and this being so, there are numerous reasons why, when he has to choose between the past of which he is ignorant and the future of which he is almost equally ignorant, he should place his time of ideal hap-

piness and goodness in ages gone and not in ages to come. One reason suffices. Is not the future the child of the present? It is hard to believe on Saturday night—and on Sunday it is only a little easier—that the six days preceding have been at all effective as progenitors of any very good time coming. What the present is we know, or think we know, and we know how indefinitely far off must be any approximately perfect future lineally descended from it. "Know thyself" is the best recipe for getting up a contempt for posterity. But when we are looking backward and inscribing the tombstones of past ages, it is only human to attribute to them all the millennial virtues.

It was in the old times, then, that we had the best of husbands, the kindest of fathers, good masters to their servants, benefactors to the poor, pillars of the Church, true patriots, who died full of years and honor in the hope of a happy resurrection, and left afflicted families to mourn their loss. Then there were mothers in Israel, attentive to their own households, faithful wives and widows, the virtuous relicts of husbands such as the aforementioned. It was then we had no such weather as the oldest inhabitant now, *ex-officio*, deprecates every winter and summer of his life; then was the era of faith; and the epoch of good feeling; and the phoenix; and there were giants in those days, and the beef was better; and there was no enjoyment of bad health, and no business hours in all the old times, but leisure and latitude in the highest degree; and no poor people and happy rich people, and all the maids were kind, and every day was May, and all the men were brave; and there was no money and no credit, and Justice had only her scales, and the Kingdom of Heaven came not bringing a sword, and Righteousness had no thought of self, and also kissed Peace, and life was longer and death not so long; and, as may be seen in *The Globe* of the period, there were gigantic intellects in the halls of Congress which used to burst forth in streams of eloquence unstained by the foul waters of sectional fanaticism; and there was good government, or none, and franker simplicity and keener wit, and, in brief, the Saturnian reign was jovial, and, to break off short an endless list of lost blessings, "the gentleman of the old school" grew in the land spontaneously in boundless profusion.

We still get a sight of him occasionally; like the last survivor of the Revolution, he dies every little while, and we are able to see how much it is that we have lost in losing the world of which he was a part. Unconscious of him till he had left us, and a fellow-passenger told us what he was, we met him once in South Carolina, near Newberry, in a stage-coach. He told us, while we listened to him, that Daniel Webster, walking on one occasion near the sea-shore at a place which he owned, and which, by-the-by, was never paid for, he believed, said that he seemed to himself like he was a child picking up pebbles, as it were, on the shore of the boundless ocean of truth; he told us also, passing to the subject by an easy transition—Mr Webster having been a Massachusetts senator—that Preston Brooks, whom he had known as a boy, was one of the most gallant, high-toned gentlemen that Edgefield ever produced; he related anecdotes of Mr. Butler, who married so-and-so, and who adorned the United States Senate before the old school went out; other anecdotes he related which gentlemen of the new school are not able to relate; his profane language, much of it, was used in behalf of revealed religion as compared with certain forms of infidelity widely prevalent in the free States; in a sense he had, as a late clergyman of Boston is said to have had, all of religion which is essential to damnation, so far, at any rate, as damnation forms a part of conversational eloquence; he doubted if Mr. Bancroft ought to finish Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States" now that the country had gone to ruin, Mr. Davis, of the Episcopal Church South, being in Fortress Monroe; he was polite to roadside negroes and negresses; but of the colored race he spoke much as ungentelemanly people do whose ancestry and posterity are of different colors; he was polite to us also, making us all free of his travelling case; his manners were great, that is, speaking relatively, they were not minor morals, as is the case with the manners of new-school gentlemen; he was clothed in black from head to foot—we shall be pardoned for describing minutely a specimen of a rare genus—his chin was bristly, he chewed tobacco as if everybody liked it chewed, his nose was reddish, and without one dissenting voice he was pronounced, as he bade us farewell, a true gentleman of the old school.

Up North the gentleman of the old school generally appears as the chief ingredient in funerals; were it not for obituary notices we should hardly know that he still lingers among us. He does, however, though we, being less nobly, or ignobly, credulous than our Southern brethren are, see him but seldom. But the Democratic majority last Tuesday week, in this and other States, would have been smaller by several votes had there been no gentlemen of the old school. For they are not, so far as we have observed their habits, Republicans in politics. Perhaps, being part and parcel of the

old millennium, they naturally dislike its rival. At all events they subscribe to the *Boston Post* and the *New York World* and the *Louisville Journal* as nonchalantly as if all responsibility for any millennium to come were removed from their shoulders. They are in doubt whether or not a monarchical government is not the best one; they expect a negro insurrection; they admit that Mrs. Lincoln was a Todd, of Kentucky, but Mr. Lincoln was not, they are obliged to confess, a gentleman, and they seriously fear he may, at one time and another, have shocked several foreign ministers—we do not recall their names; they think the mob spirit must be resisted, and if they live in New York they think the mob spirit must be resisted and vote for one of the Messrs. Wood—as if a man could be forgiven for voting for one of those gentlemen merely because the one he voted for is not the other one; they read letters which the late John Bell, of Tennessee, deifying by columns, as they say in the army, still writes Western and Southern papers; they believe in a specie currency, whether there is any hard money or not; they all regret the late unpleasantness between the North and South, and, at any rate, that between Mr. Johnson and Congress they think very much to be regretted, only they think it is Congress which ought to regret it; when biblical criticism is mentioned they speak of Tom Paine, and say that the great mind of Newton was satisfied as regards the plenary inspiration of the King James version of the Scriptures; "The Federalist" and the works of Washington Irving, Mr. Cooper's novels and *The Spectator*, they think should be in every intelligent family; we are afraid to say—for we rather like them—how unsound they are on the "woman question;" they talk, these gentlemen of the old school, as if the Apostle Paul had been a woman, and able to present the female as well as the inspired side of the question; "her desire shall be unto her husband," they say, and they chuckle when Miss Dickinson speaks about "Idiot and Women," but we fear they stay away from her lecture and content themselves with the title of it. A thousand characteristics of "the gentleman of the old school" we might give, but it would answer no useful purpose; he is dying every day, and, as he would say himself, quoting the immortal Pope, "Whatever is, is right;" we are glad to see him go.

It is the other millennium we believe in, and the gentleman of the old school is to us a stumbling-block and a rock of offence, like many another delightfully sentimental creature. He was not the soul of honor, as they say he was—that is, he was not invariably the soul of honor, any more than we are who are his descendants; it is the gentleman of the new school as often as he of the old who is strictly honest and high-minded in all matters of business; it is he also as often as his elder who is forward in good works of every kind; he gives up his seat in the street-cars to ladies of any school or none, and that, at any rate, the gentleman of the old school has only lately begun to do: and if this last seems to any one hardly a fair thing to say, we explain that in saying this we mean to say briefly that the gentleman of the old school, as such, never knew or did the things of the present, and the present is the time which gentlemen, as others, have to know, and all the time in which they have to do.

But there never was any gentleman of the old school. The old school there has been, the old school of law, of religion, of everything, including manners; but the gentleman is dateless; so much of him as is of any school is temporary and fleeting, and, whether worthless or not, does not partake of his essential nature. As to what it is precisely that constitutes essential gentlemanliness there are many opinions, but no statement that briefly defines it. When, in a little while, the young men at Princeton have to award the medal for the prize gentleman of their college, we commend to their attention this proposition—the best we can find relating to the subject—that the true gentleman is he who never makes an unjust or unkind use of his power over another. It may be any sort of power, from the power to put to death to the power to cause a cheek to blush; but the use of it, whatever it is, settles the question of essential gentlemanliness. It might be a good exercise for the graduating class at Princeton to examine critically all the "Guides to Deportment," keeping the proposition above laid down well in view. Unfortunately there is conventional gentlemanliness; so it may be that they will go wrong in this examination; and just there, too, as regards awarding the medal, there may be trouble for them.

#### ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 25, 1867.

THE chief interest of the papers lately has been concentrated upon foreign affairs. We have been following day by day the reports of the mysterious drama which is still being enacted in Italy. I think I may say that English sympathies are more distinctly upon the Liberal side than has been the case in some recent difficulties. Garibaldi's arrest was, indeed,

generally approved, because it was believed—and probably, as I must still say, rightly believed—that the insurrectionary movement was premature. There has, however, been of late a very unanimous desire that a settlement may in some way be reached favorable to Italian unity. Perhaps the liberality thus evinced would deserve a little more credit if it did not fall in very conveniently with two good old-fashioned prejudices—a dislike to the Pope and a jealousy of France. I hope that we are gradually drawing nearer to France in many ways, and becoming convinced that the true policy of both countries is to cultivate a solid alliance; still we cannot see the Emperor stumble without a suppressed chuckle veiled under a decorous exterior of sympathy. And, to say the truth, it is perhaps as pleasant to see this sentiment as that which sometimes replaces it—an exaggerated respect for the energy of a despotic government.

It is, however, beyond my province to touch upon foreign politics, except as they afford some indication of the prevalent tone of feeling in England. I therefore turn to two or three of the miscellaneous controversies which are amusing the public during this fag end of the vacation. I take up *The Times* at breakfast time (for I like to perform duly all the superstitious rites of my country, as Socrates considered it proper to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius) and glance over its columns. First there comes a controversy between *The Times* and Mrs. Norton. There are, I have been credibly informed, some persons who have followed the story of "Old Sir Douglas," which has been leading a strangely intermittent existence in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*. *The Times* critic asserts, though Mrs. Norton doubts, that he has himself performed this remarkable feat. Unluckily, the conclusions to which it led him were not altogether satisfactory to Mrs. Norton. I think she was ungrateful; for even an unfavorable review in *The Times* is better than none. Its literary department has of late been singularly weak, partly, I imagine, in consequence of the extraordinary power which it wields. A review, as I have been told on competent authority, in any other paper—even in *The Saturday Review*, whose critical department is, perhaps, its strongest point—may sell two or three dozen copies of a book; whereas a review in *The Times* will often sell an edition. Consequently, it is the ambition of all authors to be noticed even contemptuously in this great leader of public taste, and, as another consequence, *The Times* frequently condescends to puffing its friends after a fashion of very doubtful morality. A novelist who has such a connection with *The Times* as enables him to count upon a notice has a great advantage in bargaining with his (or, perhaps, in the case of novelists, I ought rather to say her) publisher. *The Times*, however, though handling Mrs. Norton's book with the delicacy which her previous literary reputation deserves, unluckily said that certain of her characters were unnatural. She replies that they were drawn from life, and that critics are fallible and vary much in their opinion of her book. *The Times*, I think, replies very fairly that a character drawn from life is frequently made most unnatural by inserting it as a crude lump amongst the author's own imaginary beings and circumstances, and declares that her book had been carefully read and was judged on its merits. From all which I am content to draw the morals, first, that it is rash to argue with a newspaper in its own columns; and, secondly, that the varying opinions of the critical fraternity may prove many things. Sometimes it shows that critics makes sheer blunders and sometimes that they have certain human feelings which forbid us to say that their judgments are perfectly unbiassed. Any one who has often discharged the thankless duty of criticising knows by sad experience how many ingenious little wiles are practised by authors who wish for a graceful puff of their productions. The most singular example I have lately seen of the art is the extraordinary favor accorded to Mr. Dixon's smart and superficial book on America. I don't suppose that Mr. Dixon condescended for a moment to any unfair means of prejudicing the public mind, even if such means had been in his power; but the unanimity with which a book offering many temptations for assault was applauded by literary reviews suggests that a gentleman with a large literary connection is likely to fall very soft upon editorial tables.

The next topic that strikes my eye transports us to a very different but, perhaps, more widely interesting discussion. The British public, if I may judge by the columns of *The Times*, is in a state bordering on revolt. It will no longer stand the oppression under which it is groaning. It is ready to do something desperate; not, perhaps, to imitate the proceedings of the mob at Paris, where, it is said—I know not with what truth—that placards have lately been posted up with the ominous inscription, Bread or death! Our cry is for meat. The butchers to the gallows, or, if the gallows is not strictly available, we will say to the Court of Bankruptcy. We can't stand their impositions any longer. It has been demonstrated over and over again, by arrays of statistics enough to strike even butchers with terror, that meat, instead of being 10d. a pound, ought to be 6d. An indignant



gentleman, *unus e multis*, declares in the largest of type that the spectacle is more than he can bear. He wishes that his parents had brought him up to the profession of a butcher; he would have made a fortune in ten years instead of toiling for a pittance at the bar or in a public office. Our hardships are owing to their detestable greed; they wish to get rich in a third of the time which satisfied their forefathers, and they accordingly take their bills and add on quickly twenty-five per cent. to fair prices, and thereby become so wealthy that they are rapidly buying out our native aristocracy. Fancy the Stanleys and the Howards supplanted by a race whose fortunes are founded upon tripe or even on the roast-beef of old England.

This appears to me to be very much like nonsense. I have as yet met none of these butcher aristocrats. I fancy that prices, which have been inflated by various causes—especially by the panic due to the cattle plague—will presently fall to their natural level, and that butchers, like other people, will succumb to the laws of supply and demand. Meanwhile, various means of escape from this galling tyranny have been devised. A company has been started in the city which promises excellent luncheons to city clerks for a shilling. It is in imitation of the remarkable cheap dining-rooms which have succeeded admirably in Glasgow. By dint of a good system, of careful organization, and by always supplying good things of their kind, it has there been demonstrated that good meals may be had at ridiculously cheap rates. Hitherto similar attempts have failed in London for want of the intelligent supervision which has led to their success in Glasgow. Perhaps the instinct for economy is not sufficiently developed south of the Tweed. Another prospect is held out to us which perhaps promises better. Meat in Australia and South America is, of course, at a price which bears no comparison to that upon this limited, if in other respects extremely desirable, island. Many experiments have lately been made for importing it in a tolerably eatable form. For the present, it has only resulted in producing very tasteless compounds, which will not attract even the poorest of the meat-eating population. There is, however, every probability that the thing can be done, and before long will be done, and the effect here would be of more importance than that of many more conspicuous changes. The high price of meat has been a great set-off to our farmers against the cheapness of corn produced by free trade, and they would, no doubt, regret the introduction of a new element of competition. But the advantage to the laboring classes, who, especially in the agricultural districts, sometimes only know the taste of meat by tradition, is obvious.

Another turn of a page and I come upon another very animated controversy. A distinguished surgeon, Mr. Skey, has written to *The Times* to denounce the practice of university boat-races. They involve, he says, the greatest cruelty to animals of any known amusement, and their constant result is to produce heart diseases, or to lay the seeds of disease which is developed in after-life. The question is really one of some importance in the present passion for athletic exercise. All the devotees of muscular Christianity, or of muscularity without the Christianity (which is a commoner form of the complaint), are of course up in arms. In two or three matters I think they have decidedly the best of Mr. Skey. He appears to have supposed that the two crews started at the top of their speed and raced for the lead from start to finish—a theory which, to any old oarsman, is simply absurd. In all racing, of course, the necessity of proportioning the pace to the distance is understood by every one who has ever practised the amusement. Nor does he allege any special cases from which the effect can be very well decided. There are many legends current here—I do not know whether they cross the Atlantic—of crews of fine young men who have all died within a few years of the contest. So far as I have investigated them—and I have had special opportunities for seeing a great deal of university oarsmen—I have found them to be without foundation. Many of the healthiest and strongest men of my acquaintance have been great rowers in their youth. With all this, however, there can be no doubt that some men do injure themselves, and that the extraordinary interest taken in what has now become a "national institution" stimulates young men to very imprudent efforts. I have known men who were threatened with heart disease, or with weakness of the lungs, persist, in spite of all advice, in efforts which could hardly fail to be seriously injurious. When a young man is involved in a crowd of enthusiasts he forgets how things look from an external point of view, and fancies that it is worth while to sacrifice health and comfort to give one more victory to the light or dark blue. The obvious conclusion seems to be not that the university boat-race should be put down, for we really could not find it in our hearts to carry out so stern a proposal, but that tutors and persons in authority should exercise a more stringent supervision over young men under their care. At present they have abandoned the old extreme, under which all sports were considered as

more or less criminal, and rushed into the other of positively encouraging them. At Eton the work of the school is positively made to give way to the practice of the noble art of cricket; and even at the universities there is too much of the same spirit prevalent. But the theory of an English university is, that the young men should be left very much to their own devices so long as they comply with certain regulations of discipline; and they at present throw themselves with such eagerness into every variety of athletic pursuit—especially if it is at all likely to hurt them—that there is much difficulty in judicious interference. Nor should I wish to see their energy diminished, though perhaps it would be well if a little more of it were diverted in the direction of intellectual studies.

The only other subject which I have room to mention amongst these miscellaneous topics is that the Lord Mayor and aldermen have been inspecting the Holborn viaduct; from the result of their investigations it appears that in a year or two the dangerous valley of the Fleet will be crossed by a satisfactory roadway. Visitors to London who have descended Holborn Hill on a frosty night, when the road is a sheet of glass on which one might pursue the amusement of the "Montagne Russe," will, I hope, be glad of this intelligence. It is really a great improvement, and, added to the Thames embankment, the new law courts, and the opening of some new streets in the city, shows that the works on foot in London may almost be compared in magnitude with those which are transforming Paris, only in our unwieldy wilderness of squalid bricks and mortar they make by comparison very little show.

## Correspondence.

### THE "VETERAN OBSERVER" AND THE OHIO ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The "Veteran Observer" of the *New York Times* may be very funny, and may be worth listening to on such a subject as the Ohio election, but I think he is mistaken somewhat in his views of the ends sought after and the results gained in the recent loss of the amendment to the Constitution as voted upon at the late elections.

There certainly is *use* in talking about "logical sequence" and the "rights of suffrage" to a people who do not know what a "logical sequence" is and do not care about suffrage for others. It has had its good effect in this State. Although the point at issue has been lost at this election, a certain awakening up, a kind of educating of the people up to the point, has been gained, which is worth much in the final settling of the suffrage question. The people who are opposed to negro suffrage were forced to produce their best arguments in defence of their position, and when these best arguments proved to be mostly made up of such poor stuff as false notions of society and prejudice, these very persons were forced many times, through the perception of their errors, to an admission of the error and injustice of their position.

I have talked with several men who did not and would not vote for negro suffrage, who said they were perfectly convinced that negro suffrage, and even universal suffrage, must finally come; that it was no more than just to all human beings governed to have a voice in the government. That is just where we gained in our loss. Convince men that they are voting for an unjust measure, and they will shortly abandon their position and do better. Men must be made to think upon suffrage before they can act intelligently. The election in Ohio set the people to thinking, and the thinking is still going on although the election is over; and at our next election we hope to show that our sober second thought has been at work.

Our State is not to be so much condemned for its ignorant voters as for the Southern taint which is especially apparent in the south part. There are many staunch and intelligent voters among the people who must be convinced by a deal of argument, and nothing has told so much upon them as the last election. Men who were too much men to scratch the amendment, although not very friendly towards the negro, became earnest defenders of human rights after the election. An apprehending of "logical sequence" can be seen in this, and a growing respect for others' rights is perceptible. It is but a few years since Lovejoy had but a few friends and was put to death; give us but half as many years more, and we will be all right in a suffrage point of view.

Yours very respectfully,

JAMES S. PALMER.

YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO, October 23, 1867.

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The first session will open at 10 A.M. on Tuesday, the 19th instant, closing at 1 P.M. The chair will be taken by the President of the Association. At 11 A.M. an address will be delivered by SAMUEL ELIOT, Esq., of Boston, which will be followed by a report on the "Progress of Social Science in America during the Year 1867," by F. B. SANBORN, and by a paper on "The Charities of New York."

The second session will commence at 2 P.M. and will be occupied with a discussion of the "Labor Question." The chair will be taken by DAVID A. WELLS, Esq., of the Treasury Department, Washington; and papers will be read by EDWIN L. GODKIN, Esq., of New York, on "Co-operation," and by Mrs. C. H. DALL, of Boston, on "Lodging Houses for Working-women."

The evening sessions of the 19th, 20th, and 21st will commence at 7 P.M.

It is expected that the day sessions of Wednesday, the 20th, will be held at the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, and those of Thursday at the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

In the Department of Education, addresses and papers will be presented on "Education as a National Question," "Schools of Science and other Public Schools," "American and European Reformatory Institutions," "Ship Reformatories," "The Sign Language," and "The Education of Deaf Mutes," etc., by

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